

Charming Pictures of Sir R. Baden-Powell's Little Son and Heir.

# The Daily Mirror

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1914

One Halfpenny.

GUARD OF HONOUR OF NURSES AT MATRON'S WEDDING: EX-PATIENTS AS BRIDESMAIDS



Bride and bridegroom leaving the church between lines of nurses.



Bridesmaids and cushion-bearer, former patients at the home.



Dr. Ingram, the Bishop of London, helps to arrange a group.



So picturesque a wedding naturally drew a big crowd. A section of it is seen looking over the hedge at the reception.

A picturesque wedding was celebrated at St. Clement's Church, Fulham Palace-road, yesterday, when Miss Heatley, who has been matron at a Hammersmith nursing home for nineteen years, was married to Mr. Mark Noble Perham. Past and present nurses of

the home lined the aisle and formed a guard of honour at the entrance, while the two little bridesmaids and the two boys who acted as train-bearer and cushion-bearer respectively have all been patients at the home.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)





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what he  
wants!!

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Yorkshire Relish is thin, yet highly concentrated, runs cleanly, without waste, never clogs the bottle, is good to the last drop—is the final word in sound economy.

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# NEURITIS

NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, AND  
ALL NERVE TROUBLES.

FREE SAMPLE  
Sent on receipt of  
address and 1d. stamp.

*Esmolin*

**EMBROCATION** contains the prescription of the first nerve specialist of the day to cure this inflammation, with instant relief from pain. It has proved a permanent remedy in cases where every other treatment has failed.

Esmolin restores the nerves and muscles to vigorous strength. It has proved an absolute remedy for

## MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM PROOF INDEED.

MR. R. H. LORD, the well-known Surgeon Dentist, of Balsall Heath, Birmingham, writes February 5, 1914:—

"For over 3 years I have suffered excruciating agony through Neuritis; have been under 5 doctors. So helpless had I become that I had to give up my work; could not move without assistance. As a forlorn hope I tried Esmolin; I have had 5 bottles, and to-day I am attending to my business, and haven't a single pain in any part of my body. When I commenced with your Esmolin I could not bear my body or leg to be touched. To-day I feel as well as ever I did in my life. I have recommended Esmolin to several of my patients. One lady suffering from painful knee; after 3 applications the knee was all right. Another was suffering from Rheumatism in left wrist, which incapacitated him from work; 2 rubbings shifted it. I am sure Esmolin is a Godsend to sufferers."

Bottles 1s. 13d., 2s. 9d. All good chemists can obtain it without trouble if you order it. Boots' Cash Chemists (355 branches), Timothy White Co., Taylors' Drug Co.; or from Esmolin Co., 20, High Holborn, London.

## JUST LIQUORICE

BUT

The Purest and Best Liquorice made is what you get when you ask for

# SOLAZZI

Not a Nostrum or a Patent Medicine, but a KNOWN ADMITTED  
AND APPROVED REMEDY for

## COUGHS, COLDS, and all Catarrhal Affections.

Taken especially in the early stages it will ward off many a serious attack. Recommended by all the leading Medical Journals.

The *Lancet* says:—  
"Of Standard Purity—Safe and Reliable."

Inferior Liquorice will disappoint you. Ask for "SOLAZZI" and have the Best.

**This baby has cut two teeth without  
trouble, and has never cried at night.**

Reproduction of  
actual  
photo  
referred  
to in  
letter.



A London Mother gives her happy experience.

7, Gairolch Road, Camberwell, S.E.,  
January 18th, 1914.  
To Messrs. Woodward.  
Dear Sirs,—I am sending you a photo of our baby girl, who is 7½ months old. Weighing 23lb., she is fed on the breast and Woodward's Gripe Water only. She has got two teeth, which she cut without any trouble at all, and has never cried one night yet. We started using your wonderful Gripe Water when she was three weeks old, and have used it ever since. Our baby is the talk of Camberwell, and we tell people it is only through your Gripe Water she is so good. You can use the photo in any way which will advertise your Gripe Water, as I am confident it is that which has made my baby so bouny. I am recommending it to all my friends.  
Yours faithfully,  
(Mrs.) S. O. ADDIS.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES. Price 1/1½.

# WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER



## SECRET REPORTS IN ARMY SUIT.

Sir Edward Ward as Defendant  
in Libel Action.

## A SOLDIER'S HONOUR.

Colonel Seely Refuses to Produce  
Confidential Papers.

There was a dramatic development at the close of yesterday's hearing of the libel action brought by Major Adam, formerly Unionist M.P. for Woolwich, against Sir Edward Ward, the late Permanent Secretary to the War Office.

Colonel Seely, Secretary for War, attended on subpoena and refused to produce certain documents on the ground that "it is contrary to public interest to produce a confidential report."

The action is being heard by Mr. Justice Darling and a special jury, and was adjourned.

The matter alleged to be libellous was contained in a letter sent by Sir Edward Ward to Major-General Scobell, and made allusion to alleged "adverse reports."

Defendant denied the publication of the libel, and denied that the words bore the alleged meaning. He also pleaded privilege.

Sir Edward Ward and Major Adam were both in court, sitting within a few feet of each other at the solicitors' table.

Mr. Duke, K.C., opening for Major Adam, said the alleged libel was of an exceedingly grave character. The plaintiff's case was that it affected his reputation and professional career.

The alleged libel was published in August 1910. One reason why the action had not been heard before was that during successive years he was endeavouring by remembrance, by representation and by patient entreaty at the War Office, where Sir Edward was a permanent official, to get the redress he now contemplated obtaining at the hands of the jury.

In the Army, Mr. Duke then explained, there was a system of confidential reports. In the autumn of 1906 a confidential report was rendered in regard

## SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL'S HEIR.



Lady Baden-Powell with the Chief Scout and the youngest scout.



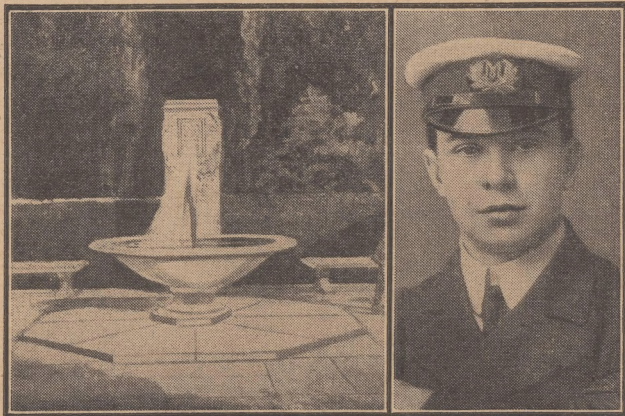
With the Duke's cup.



Mother and son.

Arthur Robert Peter will be the names given to the little son of Sir Robert and Lady Baden-Powell, who is to be christened to-morrow at Parkstone, Dorsetshire. His godfathers are the Duke of Connaught, who has sent a handsome silver gilt cup, and General Kekewich, C.B. Boy scouts have also sent a gift to their chief's heir.—(Topical.)

## IN MEMORY OF SIX WIRELESS HEROES.



The fountain erected in Battery Park, New York, to the memory of six wireless operators who perished in the execution of their duty. The second picture shows Jack Phillips, of the Titanic, one of the six brave men.

## PEARL GIRLS AT TO-NIGHT'S COURT.

Debutantes to Wear Simple Gowns  
and Simple Jewellery.

## POSIES OF FLOWERS.

The first Court of the year, at which many debutantes will be presented, takes place to-night at Buckingham Palace.

The debutante's gown this year will be distinguished by its simplicity and the absence of all stiff effects in her ornaments, while the flowers carried will be in the form of natural posies. The debutante will not wear the slashed skirt or any exaggerated fashion. Pearls are considered to be the jewellery for debutantes.

So *The Daily Mirror* learned yesterday from modistes, hairdressers, jewellers and florists in the West End of London.

One of the first things a debutante has to learn is how to enter and leave the royal presence, how to curtsy, and how many steps to take.

One of the West End deportment mistresses told *The Daily Mirror* that she has been very busy preparing debutantes for their presentation.

"There will be probably more debutantes at the second Court than the first," a dressmaker told *The Daily Mirror*, "as the first Court is considered of a more diplomatic nature."

## GOWNS OF WHITE.

"Soft chiffon, satin and charmeuse gowns of white, with wider skirt and more material than the fashionable gown, will be worn."

"More width must be allowed in the skirt, as the Queen disapproves of the tight gown, and also because the curtsy cannot be properly performed in the latter."

The flowers carried are to be like a natural posy, *The Daily Mirror* found at a Bond-street florist's. Bouquets are not ordered, but only a bunch of flowers, or a sheaf—the latter will be generally carried at the next Court.

White flowers form the greater part of the sheaf, and coloured flowers of light shades are used, but they are not wired or arranged in any way.

Gowns are being trimmed with pearls and diamanté trimmings.

"We are selling more pearls than anything else for debutantes," said a representative of a famous West End firm of jewellers.

"Pearls are now considered the only suitable jewellery for debutantes."

Four of last year's brides who are to be presented to-night are:—

The Countess of Rockingham (née Miss Sassoon).  
Viscountess Combermere (Miss Hazel Anson).  
Lady Brocklehurst (Miss Gladys Murray).  
Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham (Miss Diana Lister).  
Duchess of Sutherland, who is being presented on her accession to the title.

Among the many debutantes of the coming season are:—

Lady Mary Hamilton, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn.  
Lady Doris Gordon-Lennox, second daughter of Lord and Lady March.  
Lady Mary Curzon, elder daughter of Lord Curzon.  
Lady Evelyn King, Lady Lovelace's daughter.  
Lady Georgina Agar, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Normanton.  
Lady Doreen Browne, third daughter of Lord and Lady Sligo.  
Lady Clare Feilding, Lady Denbigh's third daughter.  
Miss Cynthia Cadogan, elder daughter of Lady Mount.  
Miss Ivy Stapleton, only sister of Baroness Beaumont.  
Miss Mabelle Egerton and Miss Ruth Hubbard are other debutantes of the year.

## PERILOUS PICTURE.

Anonymous Threats Provoked by Study of  
Dancing Girl in Shop Window.

A picture of a beautiful dancing girl displayed in a Regent-street shop window has brought a threatening letter to the manager of the firm.

The picture is a study of a brunette in the semi-nude. It is entitled "Julianat," and was taken from the "Arabian Nights." It was published as a colour plate, and attracted much attention, a large print-selling firm in Regent-street giving the picture a prominent position in their window.

A day or two ago the manager of the firm received an anonymous postcard couched in the following terms:—

"If you continue to display nude pictures in your window which outrage modesty, insult womanhood and degrade you, we have decided to smash your windows and ruin you. We won't have our boys and girls ruined by you just to get a living."

Deciding that discretion is the better part of valour, the manager withdrew the picture from the public gaze, replacing it by an ordinary landscape.

Mr. Julius Price, who painted the picture, is most indignant at the suggestion that there is anything salacious in the study.

"The wording of the note," said Mr. Price to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, "seems to convey an impression that it is the work of some prurient-minded person who seeks salacious everywhere and rolls his tongue in his cheeks."

"In these days of slit skirts and transparent stockings in the open street it is laughable that anyone should take exception to a picture of the nude. It is a sign of the times, unfortunately."

## ACCUSED WOMAN FAINTS IN COURT

On a charge of attempting to murder Mr. Basil Piffard by shooting him with a revolver and cutting his throat in a Kensington flat on January 14, Julia Decies was committed for trial yesterday at West London. When she heard the announcement she fainted in court.

For some time the couple had been living together, first at Kew and then at West Kensington. At the latter place a quarrel arose, in the course of which Piffard received the wounds

MAJOR ADAM.

SIR E. WARD.

to Major Adam. It was absolutely untrue, and counsel did not think anyone would profess in this case to set it up as a statement of truth.

It was rendered before it had been communicated to him, and the Army Council, which had supreme authority in such matters, had come to a decision on the report before Major Adam knew anything about it.

The Army Council's decision was to call upon him to resign his commission upon pain of being dismissed the service.

Major Adam, continued counsel, became aware that there was an adverse report, and saw the two officers who had been concerned in it. Each disclaimed any report which would hurt him.

Major Adam consulted a general officer, who promised that nothing that had happened should affect Major Adam's career.

The result was that so far from being dismissed Major Adam received an appointment on the headquarters staff.

In 1910 he vacated a post on the headquarters staff and became a member of Parliament. He then brought to the notice of the House a grievance of a Captain Wilson.

As a sequel to what he then said on the day after the House of Commons rose the letter signed by Sir Edward Ward was circulated.

## THE LETTER.

It was a letter addressed to Major-General Scobell, and was as follows:—

In reply to your letter of July 8, 1910, asking that an inquiry should be instituted in regard to a statement made by Major W. Adam, M.P., in the House of Commons on June 27, to the effect that while in command of the 1st Cavalry Brigade you rendered confidential reports of certain officers, which reports contained wilful and deliberate misstatements of facts, I am commanded by the Army Council to inform you that a thorough investigation has been made of the reports made by you at that time on certain officers of the 5th Lancers, who were afterwards removed from the regiment, and to whom it is believed that Major Adam's statement bore reference. Major Adam is himself one of these officers.

The Council also thought it proper to address a letter to Major Adam on the 23rd ult., inquiring whether he desired to forward for their consideration any statement in amplification or substantiation of his charge against you.

On the 23rd idem a reply was received from Major Adam to the effect that he had written to the Secretary of State for War on the subject, but his letter of the same date to the Secretary of State is found to contain nothing pertinent to the present investigation. The Council are satisfied that not only should your reports contain the unbiased and conscientious opinion you had formed about the officers in question, but the conclusions at which you arrived were correct, as they were afterwards borne out not only by the opinion of your successor in command of the 1st Cavalry Brigade, but also by a special report on the 5th Lancers made by H.R.H. the then Inspector-General of the Force, and confirmed by the General Officers then commanding in chief the Aldershot Command.

Further, as showing the absence of hostile bias, the Army Council note that in the case of Major Adam, who in 1906 was called upon to retire from the service in consequence of adverse reports which were duly communicated to him, you intervened on his behalf, and urged the Council to give him another chance in an extraordinary appointment. In the result it was decided to give Major Adam this chance.

I may add that the Council are of opinion that the charge brought against you by Major Adam is without foundation.

Mr. Duke described the reference in the letter to "another chance" as a "travesty of the facts."



# HOBBLE SKIRT HOBBLES A TRADE. Doom of Tight-Fitting Garment That Decreased Profits. ERA OF THE 'LAMP SHADE.'

The knell of the hobble-skirt has been sounded. The tight-fitting skirt which for so long been popular is really and truly disappearing, and this summer will see the beginning of a new fashion, less—well, less scanty.

For seven long years the hobble-skirt has reigned. And loud has been the chorus of lamentation which has gone up from the textile trades. Only yesterday Mr. Wally E. Lansell, in regretting at the meeting of Crocker, Sons and Company, Ltd., wholesale warehousemen, the poor result of the year's working, pointed out that a good deal of their trade depended on the fashions of the moment, and said that their greatest difficulty was the paucity of clothing worn by the women of to-day.

But, he went on, the indications in the coming fashion were that more material would be put into dresses in the near future, and he believed that the present year would be more satisfactory.

Later, Mr. Lansell frankly confessed to *The Daily Mirror* that the tight-fitting skirt had meant a big difference to such businesses as his.

"It is not only the question of the tight-fitting skirt itself," he said, "but it is also the general lack of clothes, and material which we shall be using in the first place, and which is over used with the tight skirt. Before it came into being skirts always had linings."

"Then very little—extremely little—clothes are worn under the tight skirt, which practically means a sort of sheath in many cases. All this lack of material tops up, and makes a big difference to the textile trade."

**HOBBLED INDUSTRY.**  
"But things are going to change. I have this on the very best authority, and some of the Paris fashion plates are already showing the change. Skirts are to be more voluminous, and fuller over the hips—the lampshade skirt, and we shall be coming back to the more normal state of things which existed in 1907, just before the hobble-skirt really started."

Another big warehouseman told *The Daily Mirror*—The hobble-skirt has really hobbled the textile industry. Formerly seven to eight yards were required for a dress, but now four, and sometimes three and a half, only are wanted. These reductions have very much affected the woollen and silk industries, and have about cut in half the underskirt and lining trades.

"Under hobble conditions women do not want underskirts at all. The hobble may have displayed the 'beauty' of a woman's figure, but the feminine form is better divined than brutally outlined. It is merely an aberration. The fashion has overreached itself."

Whether women will welcome the passing of the hobble is another matter.

It has bound their knees together and forced them to walk with crippled, tottering footsteps, making them quite unfit to cope with the accidents and incidents of the streets. They have fallen upstairs and downstairs, and they have ripped their dresses at the knees when merely getting into a carriage. And they have been killed through wearing the skirt.

## NEW COMEDY AT THE PLAYHOUSE

The new comedy, "Thank Your Ladyship," by Norreys Connell, produced by Miss Marjorie Tempest at the Playhouse last night, is none the worse for the fact that it is an old tale retold.

The story, in fact, is our old friend "Joseph Andrews" dressed up as a modern.

Mr. Graham Browne plays the twentieth century Joseph, a perfect model of morals and manners for all footmen and mankind in general; Miss Marie Tempest, who wears wonderful dresses, plays My Lady, and does it delightfully.

## MR. F. HARRIS'S "LAXITY."

The application for the release of Mr. Frank Harris, managing director of *Modern Society*, Ltd., from Brixton Gaol was yesterday ordered by Mr. Justice Horridge to stand over until to-day.

Mr. Harris was committed for contempt of Court in regard to a divorce suit in which Earl Fitzwilliam is cited as a co-respondent.

Mr. George Elliott, K.C., read a fresh affidavit, in which Mr. Harris said the articles were not examined by him before they were published, and he acknowledged that he was guilty of laxity in that connection.

His Lordship, *Laxity*! Articles occupying a prominent position and a considerable portion of the paper! For the managing director to come before me and say that he has been guilty of "laxity" is somewhat humorous.

## EA GENIUS THAT WASN'T.

Florence Way, the daughter of a Bournemouth butcher, posed to Annie and Willie Wheeler, of Bournemouth, as a musical genius, and although they never heard her play, they believed her story that by advancing her money they would enable her to participate in a musical syndicate which would produce millions of profit.

These facts were given in evidence of the *Hants Assizes* yesterday, when Florence and her mother, Elizabeth Way, were sentenced to eighteen months' and twelve months' hard labour respectively for obtaining large sums of money by false pretences.

Mr. Dan Godfrey said defendant's "compositions" were meaningless scrawls.

## DOCTOR WINS ACTION. Awarded £100 Damages in Libel Action Against an Editor.

Damages to the amount of £100 were yesterday awarded Dr. John Charles Keats, a medical superintendent of the Camberwell Infirmary, who won his action before the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury for libel against Mr. J. C. Conolly, the editor of the *Dulwich Post*.

The plaintiff contended that in articles published in the paper Mr. Conolly libelled him.

The articles which the plaintiff complained of contained the following:—

"Dr. Keats's cat-o'-five tails" and "Flogging children in the infirmary." What a degrading thing for a medical superintendent to be flogging children. It is cowardly, mean and cruel, to be expected only from barbarians."

Mr. McCall, K.C., and Mr. Neilson appeared for the plaintiff, while Mr. Conolly appeared in person.

Mrs. Blute, of Camberwell, in the box, said she was sitting by the bedside of her child, who was dying, in the Camberwell Infirmary, in February, 1913, when she heard a boy scream and the sound of blows. She understood that Dr. Keats was thrashing the boy. The screams lasted for five minutes.

In the course of his speech to the jury, Mr. Conolly said the other day he successfully objected to one Judge trying his case and got his case tried before the Lord Chief Justice. You may object to me before you have finished.

Defendant said he came there without counsel at his back and was going to get fair play. At any rate, he had stopped flogging in the workhouse, for there had been none since the articles appeared.

## SLEEPING GIRL ATTACKED

Daughter Wounded with Razor by Father, Who Is Found Dead.

A shocking domestic tragedy occurred yesterday at Ashton-under-Lyne, where Henry Dibsdale, a blacksmith, aged sixty, committed suicide after attacking his daughter with a razor.

Dibsdale had been out of work some months owing to an attack of bronchitis.

Early yesterday Dibsdale's daughter Alice, aged seventeen, ran into her brother's bedroom saying her throat had been cut while she was asleep.

The father was found dead downstairs, with a razor by his side. "An axe was also lying by the body, and it is supposed the deceased first tried to stab the girl before cutting her throat."

Dibsdale's son says he saw his father enter his bedroom with a lighted candle. He pretended to be asleep, and his father left the room and went downstairs.

The injured girl is in hospital in a state of collapse.

## COLOURED MAYOR'S PROTEST.



Mr. J. R. Archer, the Mayor of Battersea, who made a remarkable protest at a meeting of the borough council. He complained of what he characterized as the unfair way in which he had been treated since he said the office, apparently because he was a man of colour. He had been assailed, he said, by the loudest innuendoes, which he described as letters and postcards that had been forwarded to him.

## HOSPITAL CUP: BARTHOLOMEW'S V. CHARING CROSS.



A Bart's man with the ball in the Rugby match at Richmond. They beat Charing Cross by 14 points to nil.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

## LONDON'S ELECTIONS. Writs for Poplar and Bethnal Green —Brisk Campaign Begins. POLLING NEXT WEEK.

London is now preparing for a short and vigorous electioneering campaign, and no time is being lost by either party in the two East London constituencies.

Writs were issued yesterday for the by-elections in Poplar and South-West Bethnal Green necessitated by the Cabinet changes. The writ was also issued for Leith Burghs. London will thus be the centre of this election campaign.

It is understood that the hours of polling at the by-election at Bethnal Green, as well as at Poplar, will be from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. This will be the first occasion on which the hours of polling will be extended.

Already an army of workers has plunged into the fray. Canvassing has begun, and the offices of both parties are hives of industry. Brief details of the contests are:—

**POPULAR.**  
By-election caused by the appointment of Mr. Stanley Buxton as Governor-General of South Africa. Candidates:—

Mr. R. Kerr-Clark, Unionist.  
Mr. A. V. Young, L.C.C. Liberal.  
Mr. Jack Jones, Labour.

The nominations will take place on Tuesday and the polling on Friday, February 20.

**BETHNAL GREEN (S.W.).**  
By-election caused by appointment of Mr. C. F. G. Masterman as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Candidates:—

Major Sir Matthew Wilson, Unionist.  
Mr. G. F. G. Masterman, Liberal.

The probable polling day is Thursday, February 19.

Mr. Masterman, who was adopted as candidate last night at a meeting of the Bethnal Green Liberal and Labour Association, was with Mrs. Masterman escorted to and from the hall by a number of police.

Sir Matthew Wilson was formally adopted last night by the Labour Party, and his address will be issued to-day.

The by-election at Leith Burghs is caused by the appointment of Mr. Munro Ferguson to be Governor-General of Australia.

## LORDS AMEND ADDRESS.

Ulster has 100,000 disciplined, drilled, determined men who are bound together by feelings of high patriotism. All this men ask is to be left alone by a Nationalist Government. They want to be part of England.

These were the grave words spoken with solemn emphasis in the House of Lords by Lord Londonderry yesterday, when the Unionist amendment to the Address was carried. The figures were:—

For the amendment ..... 243  
Against the amendment ..... 55  
Unionist majority ..... 188

The terms of the amendment, moved by Lord Midleton, were:—

That this House humbly represents that it would be disastrous to proceed further with the Government of Ireland Bill until it has been submitted to the judgment of the people.

An appeal to the House for unity on questions between England and Ireland was made by Lord Londonderry.

Unless a man were in Ulster, he said, it was impossible to realise the tense feeling of Ulster and the determination of Ulstermen to force a crisis with its awful and far-reaching consequences rather than submit to government from College Green.

The deportation of the nine South African labour leaders was discussed in the Commons yesterday by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

He moved an amendment to the Address that instructions should be given to Lord Gladstone that the Indemnity Bill be reserved until a judicial inquiry be instituted into the circumstances of the proclamation of martial law and into the scope of the Bill, particularly the provision relating to the deportations.

The amendment was defeated by a Government majority of 164.

Mr. MacDonald said that absurd provocation was used by the Government. The whole thing was an attempt on the part of the Government of South Africa to suppress trade unionism.

Mr. Harcourt in reply said that Lord Gladstone had acted properly. His consent to the expulsion of the trade union leaders was neither sought nor obtained. The House rose at 10.51 p.m.

## CONGREGATION OF ONE. Aged Vicar Who Is His Own Bell-Ringer, Organist and Sexton.

**(From Our Special Correspondent.)**  
BANBURY, Feb. 12.—An aged vicar, who is his own organist, bell-ringer, verger and gravedigger, carries out his duties in the little village of Chalcombe, three miles from here.

For some twenty years past the Rev. G. J. Hammon has been vicar of Chalcombe, and during all that time his congregation has never consisted of more than a few individuals, while it has frequently happened that no one has attended the service.

I attended service at Chalcombe village church to-day—it was the "congregation."

Mr. Hammon, who is eighty-two years of age, frequently conducts the service without a soul in the church.

If the rows of pews had been packed with people the old clergyman could not have officiated more solemnly.

He gave out the number of a hymn, then crossed to the harmonium and played the first verse. In a loud voice Mr. Hammon began singing the hymn. "If I sing loudly the people outside will be able to hear me," he told me afterwards.

How and why the villagers avoid their own parish church is a mystery. But the old man quickly goes on, occasionally digging graves and sweeping and cleaning the nave and chancel of his church.

He tells the bell himself for the services—one of a fine peal which years ago used to clash out merry peals for Chalcombe weddings. (Photographs on page 9.)

## THE QUEEN AND MOTHERS

Royal Visit to Hospital at Clapton—Chat with Little Girl.

The Queen's deep devotion to the welfare and interests of England's mothers has again exemplified yesterday afternoon when her Majesty visited the Salvation Army Mothers' Hospital at Clapton.

It was only quite recently that the hospital was opened by Princess Louise, being intended by Mrs. Bramwell Booth to meet special needs. It is built and equipped in the most up-to-date manner.

The Queen was delighted with all that she saw and was evidently pleased by the way in which the work is carried out.

She seemed especially touched by the arrival of some little girls who were brought into the mothers' hospital from "The Res." (one of the Army's homes at Clapton) and entered into conversation with one of them.

Her Majesty also inspected the nurses who are being trained at the hospital, and subsequently visited the receiving home, which, lying a short distance from the mothers' hospital, was presented to the Salvation Army by Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) two or three years ago.

## "COWBOYS" WOOLING.

A man who deserted his wife and went to New York, where he married another woman as a "business proposition," was sentenced to ten months' hard labour at the Police Court. It is lay.

The prisoner, W. Crossley Smith, a mechanic, during the voyage to America met a Miss Higgins, who later introduced him to her employers, Mr. and Mrs. Scott R. Hayes.

Smith was offered a situation as manager on their farm, but Mr. Hayes said he would have to marry Miss Higgins first, as they "wanted a married man as manager." Mr. Hayes bought the licence and the marriage was solemnized.

In a statement to the police, Smith said: "I did not know that being married in England had anything to do with another country. I thought I was single again."

## INSPECTOR ACQUITTED.

In my view you are leaving the dock without a stain on your character.

These were the words uttered by Mr. Wallace, K.C., chairman of the London Sessions, yesterday to Inspector Herbert Potter, of the K Division, when the latter was acquitted by the jury of the charge of occasioning bodily harm to Robert James Atkinson, a Bow labourer, on December 13.

It was alleged that the sergeant's savage procession several arrests were made, and Inspector Potter had struck Atkinson on the face in the charge-room.

## HIS OWN ANCESTRY.

BURTON-ON-TRENT, Feb. 12.—The executors of the late Mr. Thomas Newman Whitehead, who was for forty-five years town clerk of Burton-on-Trent, have decided to record on his tombstone in Burton public cemetery particulars of his ancestry. These will read as follows:—

Thirty-eight in descent from King Alfred the Great. Thirty-eight from King Edward the Confessor. Thirty-eight from King Henry the First. Thirty-eight from King Richard the First. Thirty-eight from King John. Thirty-eight from King Henry the Second. Thirty-eight from King Richard the Second. Thirty-eight from King Edward the Third. Thirty-eight from King Richard the Third. Thirty-eight from King Henry the Fourth. Thirty-eight from King Henry the Fifth. Thirty-eight from King Henry the Sixth. Thirty-eight from King Edward the Fourth. Thirty-eight from King Richard the Fourth. Thirty-eight from King Henry the Seventh. Thirty-eight from King Henry the Eighth. Thirty-eight from King Edward the Sixth. Thirty-eight from King James the First. Thirty-eight from King James the Second. Thirty-eight from King William the Third. Thirty-eight from King George the First. Thirty-eight from King George the Second. Thirty-eight from King George the Third. Thirty-eight from King George the Fourth. 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# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



Miss Julia James.

## Play for Miss James.

The other day when I saw Henri Bernstein, the dramatist, lunching with pretty Miss Julia James he was talking most emphatically, not to say dramatically, I should not be surprised to hear that he has written a new play for Miss James.

## The Matchbox Habit.

"I see they have taken to labelling the matchboxes in the House of Commons smoke-room," said the restaurant manager. "Well, I don't wonder. I suppose we lose two dozen boxes a day. It's not a case of conscious theft, of course. Customers light their cigars and slip the matchboxes into their pockets automatically. That is why tobacconists keep a little light burning on the counter."

## Who Was St. Valentine?

This is the eve of that most unfashionable Saint Valentine. Few people remember him now, yet half a century ago the mails on the morning of February 14 were the heaviest of any in the year—not excepting Christmas. I asked fully a score of people yesterday "Who was St. Valentine?" Most of them asserted that he was purely a fictitious personage, and none had any definite knowledge of him—nor had I, so I looked him up. He was a Roman priest, and was martyred in 270 A.D. But, as the festival of lovers, one of the mid-February days is older than he.

## An Ancient Inn.

I see that the famous old George Inn at Norton St. Philip, near Bath, is to be let. This is one of the oldest public-houses in England. It was here that the Duke of Monmouth was shot at whilst he was shaving. The bullet missed its mark, and the Duke's head was saved for the executioner's block.

## The Richest Star.

Who is the richest vaudeville artist? Most people would think of a Scotch comedian, but they would be mistaken. I should say the richest variety artist at the present moment is Myron Gilday. This clever character actor, who has just sailed with his partner Fox to fulfil a six months' engagement in Australia, has just finished an eight-years' fight in the Russian Law Courts for a fortune, and he has won the fortune.

While he was fighting Russian lawyers he was earning his living as a clown, acrobat, contortionist, Russian dancer and Hebrew comedian.

## The "Sports" Coat.

The editor of the *Tailor and Cutter* tells me that this is going to be a "sports" year so far as men's clothes are concerned. "Sports" coats and "sports" suits, he says, will be seen in their thousands.

## The Little French Milliner.

There is some heart-burning in the millinery world just now. Nearly all the smart millinery houses in London, it appears, employ as their head milliners Frenchwomen in preference to English. If all the French milliners are as attractive as the one who first gave London the "Glad Eye" I can understand their popularity.

## LED ASTRAY BY CINEMA?

Boys Charged with Theft Forbidden to Enter Picture Palace for a Year.

Largely owing to cinematograph displays young people were being unduly familiarised with lawlessness and crime.

This comment on the possible influence of the picture palace formed part of a petition presented to the Court at Sutton Coldfield yesterday, when six boys charged with theft were put on probation for twelve months on condition that they should not enter a picture house during that time.

The petition, which was signed by several influential people, suggested:

"That no picture should be allowed to be shown which represented violence and wrong-doing.

In support of the petitioners' view it was declared by the magistrates, through the chairman, that the town was being made notorious as a den of young thieves who terrorised shopkeepers with raids and serious thefts.

## TOO HEROIC!

Approaching a Tottenham policeman, who had a woman in custody, a naval stoker, pointing to a stripe on his arm, said: "I have more authority than you."

Following the officer, he hit him with his fist and kicked him, the policeman striking him with his truncheon across the arm.

Altheman Huggitt, when the stoker was charged, said no doubt the defendant felt like a hero helping a woman in distress, but he must pay 20s.

## The "Ta Tao."

Someone who has seen the new dance, the "Ta Tao," in Paris this week tells me that it is even slower and more mournful in its movements than is the tango. The "Ta Tao" is an adaptation from a Chinese dance. It will have to be very liberally adapted to be lively.

## Wearing Science.

Veteran shorthand reporters must have smiled when they read that the official notetakers in the German Reichstag were "bowed out" by a politician who spoke five hours. It is a wearisome task to make a verbatim note for five hours, but few expert English shorthand reporters would flinch at it, much less cry "Enough!" as did the Berlin reporters.

I know a man who reported a debate on chemistry that lasted six hours.

"Politics," he said, "would have been comparatively unwearying compared with chemistry." I wonder what is the "record" feat of continuous shorthand reporting?

## The Potter's Day.

Monday will be a gala day in the history of the potters and the potteries. The Duke of Argyll and a distinguished company are going down to Stoke for the opening of the great pottery exhibition which I referred to some time ago. I hear that prominent buyers from regions as far distant as Brazil and New Zealand are coming to England for this exhibition. The organiser, Mr. Herbert Bailey, is an authority on all matters of art, from the rough clay of the potter to a Watteau print.



Mr. Herbert Bailey.

## The Tired Steward.

I met one of the tiredest men I have ever seen in my life yesterday evening. He had been acting all day as a steward at a dog show. The things that tire him are the women. Nearly every woman exhibitor, he says, has to be shown exactly how to show her dog off to its best advantage.

## The Truth About Show Dogs.

Now the tired steward is a well-known dog fancier, so when I looked down on the dog at his heels I was more than a little surprised to find it anything but a thoroughbred. I asked him why. "That dog's my pal," he answered, "and you can't make a pal of a show dog. They are absolutely good for nothing. They spend their lives being taken from one show ring to another. They are never happy except when they are in a show. They are as vain as actresses, as lazy as Turks, and as stupid as wooden dolls."

## The Soot Club.

I have heard of slate clubs, but never until yesterday was a soot club brought to my notice. However, in North Gloucestershire people are forming themselves into soot clubs for the purpose of buying the stuff as a land fertiliser.

## How the Fairies Are Gilded.

"How are your fairies' faces gilded?" I asked Harold Chapin, who is associated with Granville Barker in the Savoy production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Then he told me a sad story.

"It was a Dickens of a job," he said. "First we tried ordinary gold powder; it looked fine until they tried to get it off. The more they rubbed, the more it stuck, and in some cases it drew blood before it could be removed."

"Then we tried other things that chemists suggested, but it was no good, and in the end we had to fall back on gold leaf layed on over a groundwork of yellow grease-paint."

## A Baby-Collecting Tour.

A Chicago friend told me all about Mrs. Brackett Bishop yesterday. She is about to start on a world tour for the purpose of collecting babies. Mrs. Brackett Bishop doesn't believe that blood will tell; she thinks it is all upbringing, so she is going to collect babies of all races and nationalities, put them on a farm and bring them up hygienically.

## A Uniform Type.

Mrs. Brackett Bishop's theory is that, given an equal start and moulded identically, all the children's minds will develop into the same type, irrespective of race or colour. Chicago is fearfully excited as to the result of her experiment.

## Chorus Criticism.

"Will chorus songs remain popular?" I asked this question the other day when chatting with Miss Dora Lyric, who has delighted vaudeville audiences all over the United Kingdom with chorus ballads. "Yes, a certain type will always be popular," she replied. "But the old-fashioned sloppily sentimental chorus song is doomed. The chorus ballad of the future must have refinement and be written with point and wit. A chorus song can really be a criticism of life."

## Parsons and Church Music.

The fact that the clergy have been entertained to a special performance of "The Rosary" at the Prince's moves a correspondent to suggest that they should be taken to a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor. Such an experience, he thinks, might alter the attitude of the average clergyman towards ecclesiastical music. Most parsons, he declares, know or care little about Church music.

## Optimistic Punters.

Sportsmen are eagerly looking forward to the start of the flat racing season just now. The punters are wonderfully optimistic. They really believe that all the bookmakers are going bankrupt before November. That prominent backer Mr. Walter Bentley is full of faith that he is going to take a fortune from the layers in 1914. Well, I wish him well! Optimists are so rare in these days.

## Best "Button-Holed."

Mr. John Redmond's devotion to the violet remains unabated. A dainty bunch adorned the buttonhole of his frock-coat when he rose to make his speech in the Commons on Wednesday night. In a floral sense, he is the best "button-holed" man in the House, for when violets are unobtainable the Irish leader invariably sports a red rose—curiously enough, the floral emblem of England.

## Windfalls for Their Parties.

Mr. Keir Hardie, in the *Labour Leader*, will state that neither he nor Mr. Redmond will benefit by the legacy left them by the Misses Elizabeth and Jane Kippen, of Edinburgh, for it goes to their respective parties.

## Refused £300 a Year.

After his election in 1892 he heard that two quaintly-dressed old ladies had made inquiries about his life and had visited his mother-in-law to ascertain if he had been a good husband. Then they offered him £300 a year so long as he remained in Parliament, but he refused it.

## The Newest Cabinet Minister.

I met Mr. Masterman, the new Cabinet Minister, in Whitehall the other day on his way to the Treasury. It was his last official visit to that great Government Department. I scarcely recognised him. He was wearing a soft black hat and a somewhat ancient-looking overcoat, and around his throat was a heavy red muffler. He looked ill, and was bearing traces of the harassment and exacting work inseparable from a detailed supervision of the nation's accounts.

## Mr. Masterman's Sharp Tongue.

As Chancellor of the Duchy he will have a somewhat easier time, for this is an office which in former years was generally given to a worn-out member of the party. Mr. Asquith, however, has introduced the practice of putting his young men into this office, and giving them "outside" work to justify their salary. Mr. Masterman will supplement the nominal duties of the Chancellorship by becoming chairman of the National Health Insurance Joint Committee. In the latter connection there will be plenty of opportunities for his sharp tongue to be busy at "question" time.

## Miss Victoria Cross and the Tango.

Miss Victoria Cross, the novelist, who it was announced would dance the tango at last night's literary dancing party, was by her fellow-novelist, Mrs. G. S. De Wenthworth James, first startled the world with a story called "Anna Lombard." "Five Nights" and "Six Chapters of a Man's Life" proved successive sensations.

She is the sister of that ill-fated poetess who wrote passionate and beautiful poems under the name of Laurence Hope. Both the sisters spent many years in India. The one in her "Indian Love Lyrics" and the other in her "I have borne ample testimony to the fact. They have both a very Oriental luxuriance of style."

THE RAMBLER.

## LED ASTRAY BY CINEMA?

Boys Charged with Theft Forbidden to Enter Picture Palace for a Year.

Largely owing to cinematograph displays young people were being unduly familiarised with lawlessness and crime.

This comment on the possible influence of the picture palace formed part of a petition presented to the Court at Sutton Coldfield yesterday, when six boys charged with theft were put on probation for twelve months on condition that they should not enter a picture house during that time.

The petition, which was signed by several influential people, suggested:

"That no picture should be allowed to be shown which represented violence and wrong-doing.

In support of the petitioners' view it was declared by the magistrates, through the chairman, that the town was being made notorious as a den of young thieves who terrorised shopkeepers with raids and serious thefts.

## TOO HEROIC!

Approaching a Tottenham policeman, who had a woman in custody, a naval stoker, pointing to a stripe on his arm, said: "I have more authority than you."

Following the officer, he hit him with his fist and kicked him, the policeman striking him with his truncheon across the arm.

Altheman Huggitt, when the stoker was charged, said no doubt the defendant felt like a hero helping a woman in distress, but he must pay 20s.

## WOMEN TRAVEL ALONE.

Round the World Journeys Without Discomfort or Need of Chaperon.

Can a woman travel alone on really long round-the-world journeys?

"More and more women are travelling alone every year," said the manager of a big travel agency to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday. "Everything is made so easy nowadays that discomfort is reduced to a minimum."

"A woman can go round the world to-day, and can be under supervision the whole time if she cares to."

Women are becoming as enterprising travellers as men. These are some of the latest exploits:—Mrs. Blount penetrated to the heart of the Dark Continent. Countess Mollitor now crosses the Great Desert of South Africa alone.

Miss Edith A. Browne now proceeding through the vast depths of the great Amazon forests.

Miss Werner who has lived among the native races of the East African Protectorate.

There is at least one good feature about women as travellers, and that is that chaperons are not in the least necessary.

## LOVE IN THE WORKHOUSE.

When Walter Ingram was sentenced at Tottenham yesterday to seven days for damaging a window in the workhouse, it was stated that he had been put in solitary confinement for six hours for sending, while a workhouse inmate, love letters to several female inmates.

## PUZZLES OTHER DOGS.

Durand Ben, the Smallest Canine Pet in England, Comes to Town.

Durand Ben, the smallest dog in Great Britain, is on a fortnight's visit to London from Yorkshire, and, if he could talk, he would have a lot to say about the indignities of town life.

Ben is at present staying with Mr. Joseph Dunman, at Durand-gardens, Stockwell, S.W., and is now on view at a dog show. Here is his description:—

Weight .....	2lbs.
Approximate length .....	6ins.
Length of front legs .....	2½ins.
Age .....	11 months.
Value .....	£50.

Yesterday morning Ben was taken out of his cage for an airing at the dog show. As he ran he looked like an overgrown mouse, with long, silky hair.

He ran into another dog—a toy terrier that towered above him—and Ben growled. To hear his growl properly one must hold him against one's ear.

Then Ben barked—a faint, squeaky sound that sounded miles away. He was quite willing to fight other dogs, and occasionally showed his pretty little teeth.

"He's a very difficult customer to look after," Mr. Dunman told *The Daily Mirror*. "When he goes out in the street other dogs do not quite know what it is, and I am afraid that some big dog will one day quietly gulp him down."

"Ben eats the same food as we do at home."

## RUSH TO SELL LAND.

Many Estates on Market—Disappointed Colonists as Buyers.

An extraordinary rush of landowners to sell their estates has been taking place during the last few days.

In the very near future some of the best farms and small holdings in England, Scotland and Wales—from ten to 1,000 acres in area—are to be sold by public auction.

Many of our agriculturists who emigrated to the Colonies have returned disappointed, and it is to them that the estates in the market are expected to appeal.

"After all, farming in England is frequently more profitable than in the Colonies," said the representative of a leading firm of estate agents to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"The financial conditions of farming during the first two or three years in the Colonies are most difficult."

## MYSTERY OF DEAD GIRL.

When the inquest is held at Carlisle to-day on the body of Florence Smith, the shopgirl whose body was found in the river, important evidence will, it is expected, be given by Mr. Lee, a commercial traveller, of Bradford.

Mr. John Burns, the new President of the Board of Trade, will attend the Manchester Engineers' dinner at Manchester to-day.



# INSTANT SUCCESS OF SANAGLOBIN

## HOW DR. PENSCHUCK'S DISCOVERY ADDS HEALTHY FLESH AND STRENGTHENS NERVES.

Perhaps never in the history of medicine has any success been registered so pronounced and immediate as that which centres round the now famous preparation "Sanaglobin." When one considers that it is only a short time ago since the first announcements attracted public attention, the facts seem almost incredible. Applications for this treatment for developing the nervous and physical system of thin people continue daily to pour in from all parts of the United Kingdom.

And what is more extraordinary is the large number of orders for further quantities. Hundreds of men and women who sent up for this magnificent treatment on the day of the first announcement have discovered, to their intense gratification, that Sanaglobin is a genuine preparation, which actually does develop their bodies and bring about that perfect proportion which is the ideal of every man and woman in every station of life.

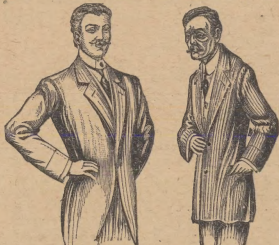
## FORMS NEW AND HEALTHY FLESH.

As soon as they have taken a box of this wonderful developer, they begin to feel its marvellous effect. They eat their food with greater relish; stomach pains trouble them no longer, for the goodness in every shred of the food which they take finds its way right into the system; the blood becomes revitalised, and flows with greater vigour; the oxygen which the body needs is carried in greater quantities into their blood; sleep becomes more refreshing, and they wake up in the morning with that feeling of rejuvenation which is the great delight of the physically and mentally healthy man and woman.

They find their muscles increase in size and power, because greater life is given to the blood by the wonderful properties of "Sanaglobin." Beautiful solid flesh begins to form round the previously prominent bones; and, in these cases particularly of ladies, shoulders fill out in the splendid proportions desired; the distressing "salt cellars" round the neck, which are such a powerful factor in marrying the beauty of any woman, utterly disappear.

## THIN AND NERVOUS.

No need to be thin and nervous. Dr. Penschuck has made great discovery. "SANAGLOBIN" enables the thin and nervous to add as much as 21lb. a week of firm, smooth, natural flesh, and at the same time calm and strengthen the nerves.



With more flesh the haggard drawn look disappears and the figure develops along the desired lines. The personal energy and vigour increase. The spirits brighten, and general health and physical appearance improve.

## REASONS FOR LOW PRICE.

The proprietors of Sanaglobin knew that their preparation was destined to be a wonderful success, otherwise they would not have fixed the price, 1s. 11d. and 2s. 9d. The lowness of price is also the reason that there are no free samples of Sanaglobin.

No small S.P.E. can be a fair test; besides, a gigantic national sampling scheme costs a great deal of money, the whole of which has to be paid by those who afterwards buy. The proprietors of Sanaglobin prefer to forgo the sampling scheme and keep the price low.

Write for copy of an interesting **FREE BOOK** On the Causes and Cure of Thinness. Published by THE SANAGLOBIN CO., Ltd. (Dept. 51), 113, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C. Sanaglobin Tablets are obtainable at 1s. 11d. and 2s. 9d. from all branches of Boots Cash Chemists, Hedges (Birmingham), Hodder and Co. (Bristol), Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd., Timothy White Co., Ltd., Selfridge's, and most High-class Chemists and Stores, or direct post free from the above address.

# BRONCHIAL CATARRH

For 12 years—Cough shook her whole body. Pronounced hopeless but completely cured by Veno's.

Mrs. E. Woon, of 65, Mount Street, Northwood, Hanley, Staffs., was said to be suffering from incurable Catarrh and Bronchitis. She took Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and now she has no Catarrh, no Bronchitis. What is the explanation? Simply this: that incurable by all other known forms of treatment does not necessarily mean incurable by Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. But let Mrs. Woon tell her own story. Here it is:—

"It is quite 12 years," she says, "since I fell ill. I was suffering from severe Bronchitis and Catarrh. But no medicine did me any good, so I went to the dispensary, and after that to the Infirmary—where I was treated for eight weeks—but nothing got down to the seat of the trouble, and I got no better, but rather worse. There was ceaseless running from my eyes and nose and the awful cough strained and shook my whole body. Sometimes I could hardly get my breath for the choking phlegm and mucus that filled the air passages. The Catarrh even affected my hearing. I had to take to bed at last, I was so ill, and there I lay for three months. Nothing could be done for me; I was told it was chronic and no hope of recovery. In the end I decided to try Veno's Lightning Cough Cure and thankful I am that I did, for it cured me completely. Since then I have never had any return of the complaint."



Mrs. Woon—Hanley.

AWARDED GRAND PRIX & GOLD MEDAL, PARIS HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1910.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the safest and surest remedy for:

COUGHS AND COLDS,  
BRONCHITIS,  
INFLUENZA,  
LUNG TROUBLES,  
SORE THROAT.

9½d.  
a bottle.

ASTHMA,  
NASAL CATARRH,  
WHOOPIING COUGH,  
OLD-AGE COUGHS,  
BLOOD SPITTING,

Larger sizes 1/3 and 2/9. The 2/9 Size is the most economical. Of all Chemists and Medicine Vendors the World over or post free from The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Veno Buildings, Manchester.

# VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

# QUALITY WINS!

Yes, indeed! Where the Public find out and prove that they get utmost **QUALITY** and **MONEY'S-WORTH**, there they regularly

buy. That's why they buy more

# MAYPOLE MARGARINE

than any other Margarine in the Kingdom.

British-made from  
Nuts and Milk,  
it is popularly  
priced as

**1/-** **DOUBLE  
WEIGHT,**

which means that they get  
**2 pounds for 1/-,**  
thus costing them only

**6<sup>d</sup>. PER POUND.**

# MAYPOLE DAIRY CO., LTD.

THE LARGEST RETAILERS.

820 BRANCHES now open.



## NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editor, Advertising and General Business Offices of  
The Daily Mirror are,  
23-29, BOUVERIE STREET,  
LONDON, E.C.  
TELEPHONES: 6100 Holborn (five lines).  
PROVINCIAL CALLS: 125 T.S. London.  
PUBLICATION ADDRESS: "Reflected," Fleet, London.  
PARIS OFFICE: 36, Rue du Sentier.

## Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1914.

## MIDDLE-AGED AT THIRTY.

THE man of thirty, or thereabouts, was going down to the office on a delightfully sunny morning, and it struck him that it would be pleasant, "for a change," to walk a little way; instead of plunging at once into the Underground, or taking No. 300, with the red signboards, to the Bank.

He did walk, as it happened, a little way; but then, a few streets further on, the red motor-omnibus passed him; and from force of habit, and from an acquiescent sensation that seemed to murmur "Oh, well, I may as well," he hailed it; or rather it hailed him; and he got in, and went down to the Bank by omnibus.

And as he got out of the omnibus, a friend met him and walked for a minute or two in silence and then said: "Come and dine to-night. Just me and my wife."

He always had an excuse ready for that sort of thing. Kill it at once. Nip it in the bud. So now, he promptly answered: "Awfully sorry, old thing—busy to-night—can't go out. See you soon."

He had, as a matter of fact, nothing to do, but what he usually did after dinner—namely, fall asleep on the sofa and snore. But it worried him to go out. One has to dress. One has to get a taxi. It's always raining: so what's the good? Don't dine out.

Things were busy at the office that day. The manager was "most unfair." He simply piled work upon the man of thirty, so that the poor thing got his lunch very late—quite out of the usual time. That was bad—very bad. The digestion suffers, if, at thirty or thereabouts, you don't lunch one day at two when you've always been accustomed to lunch then. Luncheon ought to be a fixed feast, he felt. He began to review his position, feeling injured.

In the afternoon—he usually left at five—an odd, a regrettable thing happened. The manager sent for him and suggested more work.

More work? The face of the man of thirty sank perceptibly. More work? Yes. But also more pay. The face brightened a little.

How much more pay? Not much more pay, but a good deal more work. It often happens. No thanks. Not good enough.

He thought it over with remarkable rapidity, viewing possibilities as no doubt the wise tortoise does before deciding whether to consume that piece of lettuce, or to crawl across the grass and collapse into the pond. He saw himself kept late. It meant missing the 5.30. It meant no late cup of tea at home. It meant later dinner. It meant no golf in summer before dinner. Thank you, no. Not good enough. He went out, and that night caught the 5.30 as usual.

But when his wife heard about it, she was very, very cross. She liked more pay. Men ought to work, she said—while they're young. She was indignant. She spoke of the decline of England—of Britain—of Greater Britain. She sighed for the days of Mr. Chamberlain. She lighted upon Lloyd George. And finally she turned to her husband, who was also called George, and very loudly summed it up by saying: "George, you are only thirty. Yet you are middle-aged. You are in a groove. George."

But she perceived that it was no use. He was on the sofa. He was asleep—in the groove. W. M.

## THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

## THE BUSINESS GIRL'S CIGARETTE.

I WAS delighted to read a letter upholding the rights of women smokers. I have smoked two or three cigarettes a day for several years, and have kept a rule that whenever I wished to smoke I smoked, no matter where I may have been; this, too, in a wee town where Mother Grundy's crabbed old visage glares reproachfully round every other corner.

I have often been the only woman smoking during the intervals at a dance, the cynosure of all eyes at a picture palace, and even an object of wonder and perhaps pity to carters and pedestrians along a country road where I have happened to indulge my desire for a cigarette. This attitude of indifference to the opinion of the world has called forth some very unjust remarks as to my character, but to me such comments are "the cry of common

## LAW AND SUICIDE.

I AM grateful to "W.A." for his article on "Law and Suicide," with which I thoroughly agree. We have no authority, even in the Scriptures, for treating would-be suicides as criminal.

To argue that "attempts at taking one's own life would increase in number if it were not a punishable offence" is absurd. People do not commit suicide for fun.

Surely the right way to treat the offender would be to inquire into the cause which led to such a terrible step, and instead of aggravating his misery further by imprisonment, to endeavour to alleviate it and alter the conditions which made it possible. A case of this sort recently came to my notice in a suffering family I was trying to help. The man attempted to destroy his life, failed, and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment (after having

## THE PERFECT TELEPHONE USER: THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S POINT OF VIEW.

HAVING ANSWERED TO A RING AND HUNG ON TO THE RECEIVER FOR A SPACE CALLING "HULLO" AT INTERVALS, A VOICE SAYS "WHAT NUMBER DO YOU WANT?"



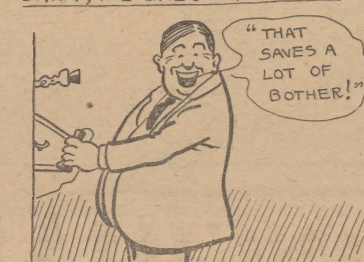
AFTER BEING GIVEN THE WRONG NUMBER TWICE IN SUCCESSION



HAVING RUNG UP A NEWSPAPER OFFICE WHERE SOMEONE IS KNOWN TO BE IN CHARGE OF THE TELEPHONE NIGHT AND DAY, AND GOT THE WELL WORN FORMULA "WE CAN GET NO REPLY."



"SORRY, THE LINE'S OUT OF ORDER"



RECEIVING A VISIT FROM SOMEONE YOU HAVE BEEN RINGING ALL THE MORNING WITH NO RESULT BUT "NUMBER ENGAGED"



WHEN, HAVING BEEN ABROAD AND YOUR HOUSE LOCKED UP FOR A YEAR, YOU GET A BILL FOR EXTRA CALLS



Why grumble and complain if the telephone doesn't work? Just laugh and be generally satisfied and the people the other end will love you.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

curs whose breath I hate." Content in the knowledge of myself, I still smoke gaily on.

## ANOTHER GIRL SMOKER.

I SHOULD like to shake hands with "A Girl Who Smokes" for her pluck in "puffing" her cigarette in your paper. I am an insurance man, and am pleased to see that ladies are rapidly taking to the cigarette, not merely because I have closed many nice insurance cases with them over the seductive weed, but because they are getting broader in their views; for even I, a mere man, could never understand why it should be quite correct for a man to smoke and yet considered "disgusting" in a woman; for, after all, if Lady Raleigh had introduced tobacco to these shores instead of Sir Walter, then it would have been quite correct for women to have adopted its use.

The outcry against the girl's cigarette is the more absurd when one considers the fact that in the very land where Sir Walter Raleigh brought tobacco from the women smoked, and still smoke.

H. MASON.

The seventh volume of Mr. Haselden's cartoons is now ready. It contains over a hundred of the best of those published during the past year. You may buy "Daily Mirror Reflections" for 6d. at any book stall, or you may obtain it post free for 8d. from "The Daily Mirror," 23, Bouverie street, E.C.

been nursed back to health of body, not mind, in the infirmary).

On his release he returned home and killed himself in the presence of his wife and children.

So much for the gemeficial effects of the punishment!

INDIGNANT.

## THE IDEAL DINNER.

THE ideal dinner consists of one well-cooked dish, followed by some fruit. Many dishes, and sweet things to follow, are bad for the digestion, and no one who knows good wine will spoil the flavour of it by a mingling of many foods. D. N.

## INVOCATION.

Care-charming Spirit, thou eater of all woes,  
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose  
On this afflicted prince; fall like a cloud,  
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud,  
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, light,  
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night  
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain,  
Like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain,  
Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,  
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride.

—JOHN FLETCHER (1647).

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think.—Emerson.

## OUR READERS' OPINIONS.

## Should Sex Hygiene be a Part of Our Regular School Teaching?

Very many mothers are so afraid to talk to their young daughters about sex hygiene that they prefer the girls should acquire the knowledge in a haphazard way from companions.

That is a fact shown very clearly by the letters received by *The Daily Mirror* since discussion began of the question whether girls should receive instruction on this subject at school. Here, for instance, are typical letters:

Many mothers would very much like their daughters to know the truth when they arrive at an understanding of things, and yet they have not got the courage to tell them. In my humble opinion, if there were a Miss Outram in every school a great load would be taken from our mothers' shoulders. A. N.

I should be very upset if any of my little girls were to put any objectionable question to me. It is a matter of no small importance in the matter.

I think myself when a girl gets into a workshop she will soon learn what she does.

A READER.  
However much confidence and even affection a girl may have for her mother, the moment anything bordering on sex hygiene is mentioned in the nursery a girl at once becomes secretive.

As the mother of two strapping daughters I dare not venture to attempt to enlighten them on sex hygiene. E. F. W.

There are other mothers who write that they fear their daughters would look at them with "shame and disgust."

In contrast, here is a letter from a mother who told:

Two years ago my two girls, aged twelve and ten, came and asked for information when only a mother can really give in a nice way. At night when tucking them up my eldest child said, "Mother, darling, I have always loved you, but since I know 'I am part of you' I feel I love you a thousand times more."

They are young schoolgirls, but on their honour "not to speak about these things to anyone, especially at school," I was not surprised to hear that it was owing to "talking at school" that had made them feel they had wanted to hear direct from mother!

A BROAD-MYNDED MOTHER.  
Many parents assume in discussing whether or not girls should be taught sex hygiene at school, that if teachers tell nothing the elder, the younger, pupils will remain in a state of happy ignorance.

How far that is from being the case is shown by the letters received by *The Daily Mirror* from girls whose memories of school are still fresh. Here is one:

When I was a girl of eleven I learned from school companions—not only girls, but boys, too—all that there is to be known of the origin of birth, and I think that if my friends were known to should find that nearly all children discuss this subject.

After all, it is so very wonderful that they should, seeing what a mystery is made of it by parents, such mystery naturally tending to excite a child's curiosity!

I think your correspondents, who they talk of the "innocence" of girls and boys, would be considerably surprised were they to hear schoolchildren discuss this subject amongst themselves. It is modesty and shyness which prevent children from disclosing their knowledge to their elders, so that it seems to me it matters little whether the mother or teacher eventually tells the children, at the time. Every time a child is told that nature there is a general giggle, and many vulgar jokes are made. A. A.

I am a boy of fourteen, still at school, and ever since I was eleven years old I have known all the facts about sex hygiene. Nearly every boy in the school I attend is acquainted with the facts. Every time a child is told that nature there is a general giggle, and many vulgar jokes are made. A. A.

And here is a letter, in the same sense, from a boy:

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## TO-DAY'S DINNER-TABLE TOPICS.

More about the Ideal Dinner and the best way of cooking it. Don't deny it it is human and healthy to like food. Whether young-Englishmen are getting middle-aged before the time. See our leader.

Speeches at the opening of the session and what is likely to happen during the course of it.

## IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 12.—Lilium auratum (the hill lily of Japan) is, perhaps, the grandest of all lilies. Growing to a height of four to six feet, and bearing from ten to twenty-five blooms on a stem, it makes a glorious picture in the summer garden.

The bulbs should now be planted in sheltered positions (such as among low shrubs), where they will be screened from the cold winds. They enjoy a fairly moist yet light soil; the addition of peat is advisable. The auratum lily does well in a pot. E. F. T.



## The Petticoat Maker's Complaint.



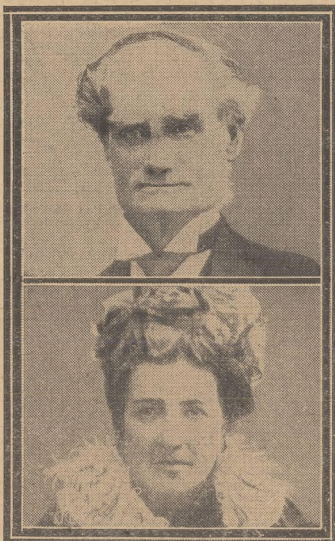
The old-fashioned bustle. How people would stare at them now!

Makers of ladies' underclothes have no cause to love the tight skirt, and bitter complaints were made at the meeting of a big firm at the way in which women have ceased to wear petticoats. The picture showing the old fashion is from "Milestones," and illustrates how things have changed.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)



The no-petticoat skirt of to-day.

### DEATH ON THE SAME DAY.



Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Jones, of Cheltenham, who died on the same day after fifty-four years of married life. The husband was seventy-eight and the wife one year his junior. Mr. Jones became ill through worry over his wife's illness, and began to sink at once on being told of her death.

## FIVE DIFFERENT PEOPLE



He makes his bow.



First change.



Second change.

Arturo Bernardi, the Italian protean artist, now appearing in London, portrays thirty-five different characters, and in one scene changes in full view of the audience, but so

### ATTACK IN THE AIR.



Captain Destouches, of the French army, standing up in the forward seat of an aeroplane to operate a machine-gun at Villacoublay. The pilot was seated behind him.

### EVAN ROBERTS NO MORE.



Procession of mourners. Evan Roberts, the Welsh revivalist, Loughor, near Llanelli, nor did

### HOPE FOR THE STRAIGHT-HAIRED.



Children who want curly hair, and how they hope to get it. By means of a new treatment it is hoped to give curly locks to twelve straight-haired babies within about a month.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

### FAMOUS STRAIGHT-HAIRED.



Mr. Kennerley R. his tour in Australia so he



# E IN TEN SECONDS.



Third change.

Fourth change.

rapidly that it is difficult to realise what has happened. Each of the changes seen in the photographs occupied two and a half seconds.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

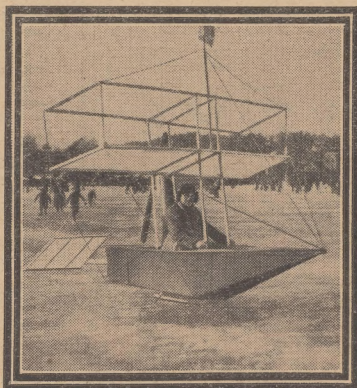
## MOTHER'S FUNERAL.



Evan Roberts.

present at his mother's funeral at  
n.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

## AEROPLANE ICE BOAT.



A new sport for the winter is to skid across the ice in one of these boats. They are built to resemble an aeroplane, and are steered by means of a rudder.

## STOKER.



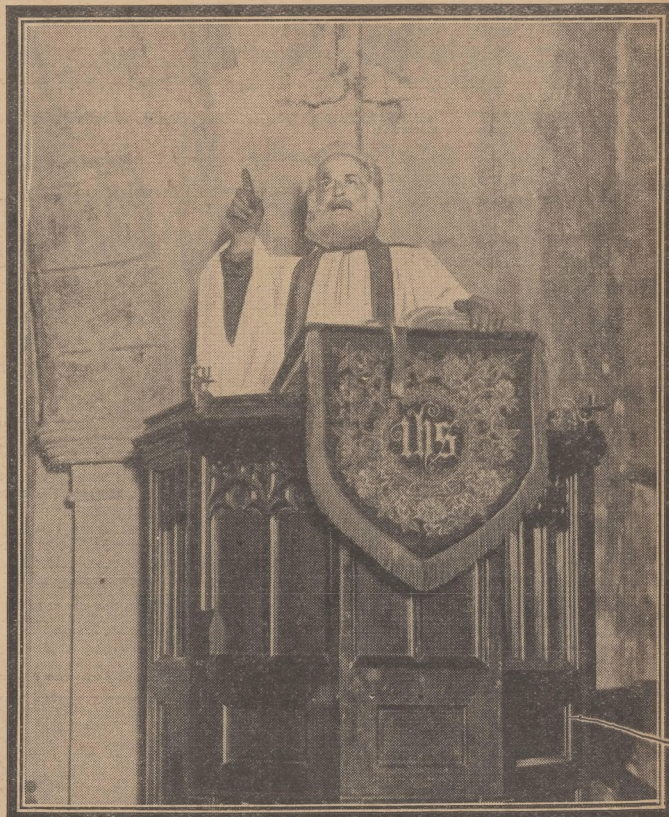
a stoker during  
a strike on board,  
help.

## HOW SNAKES KILL FISH.



A snake lifting a fish out of the water to kill it before eating it. It must swallow its prey head first on account of the fins. When caught head first the fish is swallowed immediately.—(Filmed by Will Day.)

# Vicar Without a Congregation.



In the pulpit. He has been the vicar for twenty years.

An extraordinary state of affairs exists at the village church of Chalcombe, near Banbury, where frequently there is no one present at the services. There is no choir, ringers, organist or sexton, and the vicar, the Rev. G. J. Hammon, performs all their duties, and sometimes even digs the graves.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

## "LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."



A pretty picture recorded by the camera at a dog show in London yesterday. The small boy is Master Lance Darby, who is seen with a fine specimen of an Old English sheep-dog. Children are wise in making friends with big dogs, for they are always the gentlest.



His grave-digging clothes.



# The BREAKFAST TABLE.

The articles mentioned on this page should form part of the Breakfast Menu. Below will be found

**SOME REASONS WHY.**

## DRINK 'TEA-BUDS'

Horne's Digestive Flowery Pekoe  
Buds at 1/6.  
Of all Teas the Most Delicious.

### Because

#### 1st. IT AID'S DIGESTION.

Dr. F. N. Worswick, M.D., M.R.C.P., Manchester, writes:—"After twelve months' trial of 'Horne's Digestive Tea' I have formed a most excellent opinion of it. As a Chronic Dyspeptic, I have had better health since I began its use than previously."

Rev. B. T. Milligan, Birrith, writes:—"I now thoroughly enjoy a cup of tea, which I was unable to do before. It assists rather than hinders digestion. You can print my name and address."

Mrs. Carrott, of Ponders End writes:—"I am a new woman since drinking your Young Tea, and now life is worth living. I have been a teatry to indigestion, but since sending for your sample (ten months ago) and regularly drinking this Tea, I have been entirely free from it."

#### 2nd. GOES TWICE AS FAR

Mrs. Hodges, Hill View, Cold Harbour, Milborne Port, writes:—"Since using your tea I have not suffered from indigestion as formerly, and find it most economical, as it only takes half the quantity of other teas."

Mrs. Price, 26, Sandon Road, Edgbaston:—"You are quite right: this tea is most economical, as we only use half the usual quantity."

Mrs. Meagahy:—"By using half a teaspoonful for each person instead of one spoonful, as formerly, we get a delicious cup of tea."

Write TO-DAY for a

**FREE 1/4 LB.**

SAMPLE, ENCLOSING COUPON,

and test it most carefully.  
**TERMS CASH.** 2 lbs. carriage paid in London.  
4 lbs. post free in Country. 1 lb. 2/- post free.

Cash Agents Appointed.

**HORNE & SUTTON,**

Tea Specialists (Dept.  
MR. Old Trinity House,  
5-8, Water Lane, Great  
Tower St., London, E.C.

**FREE 1/4 LB.**

sent on receipt of  
this COUPON with  
full name and ad-  
dress, enclosing 2d.  
for postage. MR.



"Nature's best food in its best form."

## The perfect Bread

and unquestionably the best for health.

**ALLINSON BREAD** owes its *proved* goodness and delicious flavour to the fact that it is made from the pure unadulterated wholemeal of the choicest wheat, stoneground by a special process to ideal fineness. Nothing is added, nothing is taken away (except, of course, the chaff), nothing is changed: you get the wheat as Nature intended you should eat it. A week's trial will prove to you how much better in mind and body you would be if you ate Allinson Bread regularly at every meal.

Dr. T. R. ALLINSON, the great diet specialist, says: "During 30 years of the busiest medical practice I have restored thousands to health, chiefly by the aid of this wholemeal bread."

Send 1d. stamps (to pay carriage) for free 2lb. sample loaf and a free supply of Natural Food Biscuits, together with address of nearest Allinson Baker. Free Copy of book on Bread and Health and particulars of Monthly Cash (and other) Prices.

1089

**Allinson**  
UNADULTERATED  
WHOLEMEAL  
**Bread**

## YOU CAN SAVE MONEY

and ensure good health by using

**PEARKS' NUT MARGARINE**

### BECAUSE:—

It looks and tastes like best Butter, and is better than any cheap Butter.

You can only buy the original from

**PEARKS' STORES**

Branches throughout London and the Provinces.

Pearks', Ltd., Barrett's Grove, Stoke Newington, London, N.

## BECAUSE

## Scott's Porage Oats

are all nutriment. No husk, no fibre. No soaking. Nothing but the kernel of the finest Scotch Oats.

Cooks in 5 minutes. Requires no Special Cooker. Serve them to-morrow.



Scott's Porage Oats—The Ideal First Meal.

Made only by A. & R. SCOTT, LTD., at Colinton, in the Heart of Midlothian.

**TRY THEM TO-MORROW FOR BREAKFAST.**

## BECAUSE

## FRESH FISH FROM THE SEA

IS APPETISING, NUTRITIOUS, AND WHOLESOME!

Try a Sample Hamper and you will be Delighted.  
6 lb., 2/3; 9 lb., 2/9; 11 lb., 3/3; 14 lb., 3/9; 21 lb., 5/6.

Nicely cleaned for cooking.

REMEMBER—YOU HAVE NO CARRIAGE to PAY.  
Hotels, Public Institutions, Colleges, &c., a Speciality.

Telegrams:—"QUALITY, Grimsby."  
Price List and full particulars post free.



MR. H. KNOTT, of Grimsby, one of the pioneers of the Direct Supply System and Founder of the STANDARD FISH COMPANY.

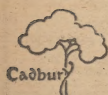
6 lb.  
**2/3**

**STANDARD FISH Co.,**  
FISH SUPPLY DEPOT,  
GRIMSBY.

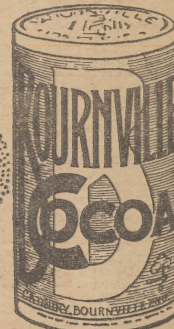
9 lb.  
**2/9**

# Bournville Cocoa

In our uncertain climate the best protection against chills is a cup of Bournville Cocoa. It can be readily prepared at any time, the flavour is delicious, and it is very comforting and sustaining.



BOURNVILLE CHOCOLATE. "Perfect Chocolate Flavour."





## HOW TO CHOOSE A HAT —MANY EXAMPLES.

Crowds at First "Daily Mirror"  
Millinery Demonstrations.

## RIGHT AND WRONG TYPES

Hundreds of eager women, from all parts of London, streamed into the millinery salon of Messrs. Derry and Toms, High-street, Kensington, yesterday morning and afternoon for their first lessons in the scientific choice of a hat.

These were the opening lecture-demonstrations of *The Daily Mirror* academy of shopping, and there was not a moment in either the morning or afternoon session when the attention of the women students was not closely concentrated on the demonstrator and his smartly gowned lady assistants.

When Mr. F. S. Comer, head of the department, entered the demonstration ring on the stroke of eleven, the audience, six or seven deep and more in places, pressed against the scarlet silken cord reserving space for the demonstrator and his retinue.

The models, with their dozens of hats, who flowed into the ring like an endless river of mil-

### 'DAILY MIRROR' DEMONSTRATIONS

MONDAY NEXT—"Hairdressing in Relation to New Spring Millinery." 3 p.m. At Selfridge's, Oxford-street.

WEDNESDAY NEXT—"How to Choose a Fashion." (Lecture demonstration with new spring models). 3 p.m. At Whiteley's, Queen's-road, W.

linery, ranged from pretty "flapper" bridesmaids, who seemed to have escaped from a wedding, to black-garbed widows and sedate matrons.

There is perhaps only one type of face which will suit every hat (said the demonstrator). The woman with the oval face and good profile looks so simply in anything although—and this is an important warning—she must have just the knack of adjusting the hat at the right angle, or she may spoil the whole effect.

Expression, eyes and hair are important points which, if you are not an expert yourself, you should leave to someone who is. But, of course, you will all be experts after to-day's demonstrations!

Then began the procession of bridesmaids. Six charming little girls, each wearing a different type of hat, marched round the ring.

"This hat," said the lecturer, pointing out one that met with general approval, "is pretty simply because of its horizontal lines. In this," he continued, indicating another, "it is the kink in the brim that makes it becoming."

The favourite bridesmaid's hat was a fairy vision in rose-petal pink tulle and rosebuds. "It is one of the prettiest things of the season," Mr. Comer declared, endorsing the cheers that greeted it.

### THE SEDATE MATRON.

Next the matron stepped forward—a sedate-looking lady with hair just turning grey, and wearing pince-nez. The demonstrator pointed out he had been asked to show not only the right hats on the right heads, but the fashionable and smart hats on types of women which they did not suit.

"No, it makes her look too old," said the assembled students when the matron appeared in a somewhat heavy, towering erection.

Very nice—but a little too small," was the comment when the matron tried again with a diminutive purple silk hat with a black brim.

Ah, that's the last," said a dozen women at once when the matron resplended in a tulle crown, smartly turned up at the left side, with a panache of black ostrich plumes outlining the upturned brim.

Plumes very much said the demonstrator, in acknowledgement of the cheers. "The others were put aside for the wrong reason, namely, that you saw the feathers give a soft expression to the face and the lines of the hat suit this matronly type."

### LOOKS YEARS YOUNGER.

More "tragedies" of the wrong hat were illustrated in the case of a little lady whose demonstrator, with reproachful smiles from the subject herself, candidly described as of "uncertain age, perhaps a little dumpty, and with full, not to say flat, face."

The hat that really suited her was a black tricorne, with taffetas crown. When the "dumpty" lady next put on a pretty shade of blue straw hat, softened with ostrich feathers, rather high, the audience clapped their hands with pleasure.

"That makes her look years younger," they exclaimed.

Then came a lady with a narrow face and rather pale complexion, wearing a violet and rose-coloured hat.

"What is wrong with this?" asked Mr. Comer. "The colours make her look old," answered the audience, many of whom were hair-dressing experts.

The successful colour combination was found in a smart little toque of maize-coloured satin, with a jetted brim.

"What a shame!" said the students, when a lady in mourning appeared in a little hat perched high on the head. But a dull taffetas hat, with a high cock's-comb full of taffetas at the left was voted "smart, becoming and discreet."

### LOOKED WELL IN EVERYTHING.

The lecturer explained exactly why it was that every wrong hat was wrong—for the particular wearer; and at the end he beckoned to a girl who had just appeared in the ring. She was the girl with the perfect oval face who "looked well in anything."

One by one the previous "failures" were tried on her, and there was not one which did not suit her.

The hat, however, that every woman fell in love with was a tagel in the new olive green, with shaded green ostrich plumes—a hat which, though the last word in smartness, was becoming to a degree.

"Do you know where that sort of hat lies?" asked Mr. Comer. "It is in this red rose, which gives it just the touch of colour to make it a success."

## TRIUMPH OF PLEATED SKIRTS AND TUNICS.

They Are on Important  
Models, Even Corsages  
Being Affected.

Pleated flounces are enjoying a day of genuine triumph.

Dress experts sneered a few months ago when one mentioned pleated skirts and tunics. They pointed to the clinging robes which seemed more popular than ever, and declined to believe that accordion and sun-ray pleatings were creeping into favour.

And yet it has happened that pleatings of all kinds are to be seen in the world of fashion at the present moment. Hardly any important model is free from their influence, and in many cases they appear on the corsage as well as on the skirt or tunic.

### CORSAGE ACCORDION STYLE.

For example, the pretty afternoon gown depicted in the sketch which accompanies this article. Here you have a picturesque tunic set in sun-ray pleats and a corsage done in the accordion style. This corsage is in reality quite loose, and it is confined at the waist by a folded sash.

Such a dress as this should be made in some specially supple material—or materials such as silk voile, crêpe de Chine, Oriental satin, Indian silk, etc. It would also look charming if made in silk cashmere and crêpe de Chine the skirt in cashmere and the loose corsage in crêpe. The sash might be one of the new embroidered models which have heavily fringed ends and which show designs of an intricate kind carried out in vivid colours.

For afternoon wear chiffon blouses are now arranged in accordion pleats. Some are set into embroidered yokes. Others are accompanied by little bolero coats in mirror velvet or brocade satin.

### TRUE SPANISH STYLE.

In the same sketch you will find a new wrap-cloak, which has been copied from the famous Spanish "capa" worn in the land of the Dons. These "capas" are circular and very voluminous. They can be worn in several different ways—carelessly drawn round the figure in the manner indicated in my drawing, or fastened at the throat with one and flung over the left shoulder. This is the true Spanish style, and it is exceedingly effective.

For day wear on chilly afternoons these cloaks are made in crimson ratine or in velours de laine in some rich shade. The latest Paris fashion for wraps of this kind is a lining of some very bright colour—for example, orange coloured satin in a white ratine wrap, or emerald green in one made of deep crimson velours de laine.

In velvet or cashmere these capa-cloaks are admirable for theatre wear. They are so large and full that they completely cover the body and they are sufficiently decorative to be worn in the theatre or concert hall itself.

For very smart occasions such a wrap would look lovely in lemon-yellow velvet with a lining of ivory white satin. Another smart combination



A Riviera novelty. The new Spanish "capa" in navy blue chamoise, lined with Japonica pink tussore.

would be pastel blue taffetas with a lining of shell-pink crêpe de Chine. When thin materials are used for these cloaks there should be an inter-lining of very light flannel. This makes the wrap beautifully warm, and it also makes it fall into very graceful lines.

PARISIENNE.

## HOW OUR GRANDMOTHERS MANAGED TO KEEP YOUNG AT SIXTY.

A Lady Reader Explains the Secret.

"Nowadays," writes one of our lady readers, "a woman is considered old when she reaches the age of fifty, and certainly most women of to-day look their age. Yet," she continues, "when I was a young girl, women of forty-five and fifty looked comparatively young, and my own mother, who lived to the age of seventy-nine, had a clear and delicately-tinted complexion up till the time of her death. She often used to say she owed her lovely skin entirely to the use of the following lotion: 2oz. rosewater, 1 dram tincture of benzoin, and 2oz. flowers of oxolin. The ingredients can be obtained from any chemist, and when thoroughly mixed should be applied with a soft cloth. I have used the lotion myself for over twenty years, and since I commenced applying it I have not had the slightest trouble with dryness or skin blemishes of any sort, and even now people tell me I look about thirty-nine, although I celebrated my fifty-first birthday last month, and I know this preparation has preserved the youthful bloom in my cheeks and kept my skin beautifully clear and smooth. Every girl or woman who wishes to possess or preserve a delightfully attractive complexion should certainly try it."—(Adv.)

## BRIDE OF FRIDAY, THE 13TH

Miss Iris Lamb and Dress She Will Wear at St. George's, Hanover-square.

It is not every woman who would give such practical proof of emancipation from superstition as to choose for her wedding day a Friday, which happens also to be the thirteenth of the month.

Miss Iris Lamb, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lamb, of The Hall, Ryton-on-Tyne, and Goldborough Hall, Yorkshire, is, however, to be married at St. George's, Hanover-square, to-day to Mr. Edward Leigh Hare, brother of Sir Thomas Leigh Hare.

The bride's dress is made of white and silver brocade with a wide cloth of silver belt interwoven with lilies and arranged over a bodice of white chiffon, finished with a Romney fichu of fine silver run lace. Her Court train is made of silver tissue, through which gleams a lining of shell-pink chiffon, and she will carry a sheaf of white lilies.

The picturesque Romney inspiration is noticeable also in the bridesmaids' toilettes, which are composed of white satin with chiffon fichus and wide pale blue and mauve sashes. Very becoming also are the Romney Leghorn hats that will be worn, each with its long blue ribbon threaded through it and hanging down the back.

Powder-blue chamoise comprises the dress in which the bride will go away.



## AFTERNOON TEA

*The Cup that Cheers.*

A perfect example of the "Cup that Cheers" is to be obtained by using the choice blends of Lipton's Tea—unequalled for aroma and flavour.

Prepared to suit the water of the various districts of the United Kingdom.

Blended scientifically and weighed and packed by the most up-to-date machinery under conditions of absolute cleanliness.

## DRINK and ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

The Finest the World  
can produce  
Delicious leading blends, 1/6 & 1/4

## SAVE THE WRAPPER

Branches & Agencies Everywhere

Please send a Post Card for the Name of nearest Branch or Agency.

## LIPTON Ltd.,

Tea Growers, Chief Offices:  
CITY ROAD,  
CEYLON. LONDON.

**WISEM** will brace you up and keep you fit and well. As a powerful nerve and brain food it has no equal. Take advantage of our special offer, which is only open for a limited period. A booklet fully describing Wisem will also be sent to you.

## GENEROUS TRIAL OFFER.

A full-size 1/6 tin will be sent as a trial for 9d. post free. Three varieties—Tablets, Chocolate-coated or Plain, and in Powder Form. Please state which kind required.

ST. IVEL, LTD. (Dept. A), YEOVIL.



## NEW SERIAL

## What Every Woman Forgets.

By HENRY FARMER.

## CHAPTER XII. (continued).

IN short," continued Charbonel, a sly note in his voice, "a domiciliary visit—paid with secrecy and discretion. With regard to other pecks, I have certain implements with which you're familiar."

"I also came provided," murmured Slew, who carried a suit-case.

They had reached an old part of the town, and entered a house with green shutters. Here Mr. Slew renewed his acquaintance with Mme. Charbonel, who spoke very little English, and had an opportunity of exercising his French. He made himself very charmingly agreeable, expressing the hope that one day he would have the pleasure of introducing Mme. Charbonel to Mrs. Slew.

Afterwards Slew and Monsieur Charbonel dined in a private room at a discreet little restaurant, where the cooking was excellent. Charbonel, a veritable tucker under his chin, talked gaily with Slew, who drank vin ordinaire, diluted with water. Monsieur Charbonel was no niggardly host, but Slew and he had ideas in common on the subject of clear brains.

Monsieur Charbonel had a weakness for the words "discretion" and "discreet." He assured Slew that the driver of the closed car engaged to take them to Vilneux was the acme of discretion. Slew had left his suitcase at Charbonel's house, but he had secreted about his person certain articles that would have justified an English constable, unaware of Slew's identity, taking him into custody and charging him with intent to commit a felony, on the strength of skeleton keys and pick-pockets found in his possession.

Charbonel had discarded his tall hat for a motoring cap. Slew always dressed well, but never conspicuously. The village of Vilneux was scattered brokenly among dunes. The discreet driver of the car pulled up at a spot a short distance from the nearest habitation, acting on instructions from Charbonel. It was quite dark now. Waves could be heard breaking lazily on the beach shore.

The Chalet Mignon nestled in a dip among dunes and showed up white. It was only one-storied. When the two cottages were made into one a verandah had been added. The air was very still, although the peacocks of an early-bell village. Not a soul, save the two men, seemed abroad.

Mr. Slew bore himself in his ordinary manner, but Charbonel became somewhat dramatically stealthy as they approached. He had made certain discreet arrangements with the local police. Slew's

kerchief sachet. "What delicious perfume!" murmured Charbonel, bringing his thumb and forefinger to his lips and drawing them away delicately with a sigh.

But Slew did not seem interested in the perfume. He was examining the contents of the sachet, very dainty handkerchiefs, feminine fripperies. But a man's had got mixed up with them. Slew examined it for initials or monogram.

Charbonel had been quick to distinguish the difference.

"Belonging to Monsieur le mari!" he murmured.

"Perhaps!" said Slew.

He had come upon initials—M.C. But he did not retain possession of it, returning it to the sachet with the other feminine handkerchiefs, being very careful to do so in orderly fashion. From the same drawer he took out a small vanity bag, fitted with a little scent-bottle, a small mirror and powder-box.

"The secrets of miladi's-toilette!" murmured Charbonel.

"And perhaps—"

Slew did not finish. In a little side pocket within the bag he had felt a thin strip of paper. He had nearly missed it, so close was it to the lining that it had seemed lining. He pulled it out.

"Ah!" The ejaculation was silent.

An address was written on the strip in violet ink.

"89, St. Peter's-road, Camden Town."

"By your expression, mon cher Slew, a discovery of importance?"

Slew's seeing eye was certainly distinguishable from his glass substitute.

"I should not be surprised," he answered quietly. He had noted the violet ink with which the fountain-pen, discovered in one of John Smith's coats, was charged.

Slew thought for a moment before he copied the address into his thin pocket-book and returned the strip of paper to the vanity-bag, locking it up again in the drawer.

The other drawers in the dressing-table, which he opened with the care and skill of an expert, each of whom wished to leave no trace of his handiwork behind and examined minutely, contained a profusion of feminine fripperies.

He next turned his attention to a hanging wardrobe that yielded to another key on his belt.

"Ah, chic!" murmured Charbonel at the sight of the gowns in the wardrobe.

But the chief point about them, as far as Slew was concerned, was that they were all good.

He was still searching, not for something specific—



## More I try PERFECT —better I like it!

No matter how long you may have lived, you have never tasted the equal of H. & C. PERFECT MARGARINE — for quality — for flavour — for value.

The pure, fresh milk and the sweet nuts make H. & C. Perfect Margarine not only thoroughly delicious, but nourishing, sustaining, and economical to a degree.

You may try Perfect Margarine FREE; simply bring the coupon to your nearest H. & C. shop. Be persuaded to get that free trial sample to-day.

# Perfect Margarine

## 1/- DOUBLE WEIGHT 1/-

1 lb. Free with each 1 lb.  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Free with each  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb.

Obtainable ONLY from the

## HOME & COLONIAL

STORES LIMITED.

Branches Everywhere.

## FREE

A dainty tasting Sample of PERFECT MARGARINE will be given for this Coupon at any Branch of the

HOME AND COLONIAL STORES. 11

## A NEW SERIAL

### JOHN ERLIEGH—SCHOOLMASTER

By CLAUVER MORRIS, Author of "John Bredon, Solicitor," &c.,

BEGINS IN TO-DAY'S "DAILY MAIL."

reason for secrecy was his wish to prevent news of his visit to the chalet reaching England and certain persons there. He did not wish a communication—say from Marie Rochette—to reach Mrs. Morland and suspicious characters had been seen hovering in the neighbourhood of the chalet; still less did he wish to be arrested for burglary.

Monsieur Charbonel, dramatically stealthily now—for a Frenchman is naturally dramatically expressive—and given to suit his manner to his deed—led the way round to a back door. A grass-covered dune sloped up behind.

He fitted the key, discreetly obtained. Slew followed him phlegmatically, and when the door was locked again produced a natty little electric pocket-lamp.

"There is neither gas nor electricity," explained Charbonel. "But it will be reasonably safe to light lamps. The windows are shuttered as well as curtained."

"I will take the lady's bedroom first," said Slew. There was no occasion to whisper dramatically. He was arguing that the bedroom was the most likely room to yield fruit of value, if any room did. It might be that there would be no results from his visit. He did not know. He was not after anything definite, but speculating in possibilities.

The twin beds were stripped and covered over with dust-sheets. The walls were papered with an almost fierce-coloured paper, extraordinarily brilliant-hued parrots and foliage figuring in the design, which became more obvious when Charbonel, having given attention to the curtains, lit a large shaded standard lamp. There were two full-length mirrors in the room.

One of these mirrors was swung in an elaborate dressing-table, with many drawers, big and small. Slew ascertained that they were all locked, but that the locks were of an ordinary sort. The general aspect of the room conveyed that everything had been hung up as carefully before locking up the chalet for an indefinite period.

Slew produced a bunch of skeleton keys. It was some little time before he obtained a correct fit to one of the small drawers.

It was filled with feminine trifles, such as hair-pins and so on. There was a neat little box with a tiny saucer and a tiny brush and a dark pigment used for darkening eyelashes. Some faintly-tinted face-powder also.

But Slew was very thorough, fully alive to possibilities. So much had turned before now in his experience upon some seemingly unimportant trifle or detail. When he had carefully examined all the contents he excited Charbonel's admiration by restoring everything in almost exactly the same position as he found it. He had been very careful when fitting the skeleton key not to scratch round the keyhole. The same key fitted the other small drawers.

In one of these he came upon a perfumed hand-

ally hidden, but what a woman might have forgotten.

In the bottom drawer he came upon an assortment of shoes, slippers and boots. Another ejaculation from Charbonel expressed ecstatic pleasure.

"See-what you call—up-to-time!" he exclaimed.

"Up-to-date—to be quite correct!" murmured Slew, without being distracted.

And yet Charbonel's remark put an idea into his head, and caused him to search for something which otherwise he might not have done. But this was a common experience with him—some stray remark firing a train of thought or stimulating an idea. He had read that the latest fashion was for women to wear boots to which small pockets were attached.

And, sure enough, one boot contained one of these pockets.

"The very latest—up-to-date!" exclaimed Charbonel, almost ecstatically. "What a woman she must be!"

Slew opened the little pocket, fitted with a flap, and felt in it.

It contained a key.

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE Rajah had breakfasted in bed, waited on by a manservant, and answered up, by and by, complexioned, against the white as he sat up, going through his correspondence. A writing-pad and materials were on the table beside him. His large hands trembled slightly as he picked up pen and paper. He was labouring under the after-effects of his physical exertions when he went into the crush and fight and rescued his sister, and the drink he had fallen back upon afterwards.

Headache had deepened lines on his forehead; his expression was one of restless irritability.

He chewed his fountain-pen for several moments, seeming at a loss for words.

"I've been ill," he wrote at last on the pad abruptly, without salutation or name of any kind. "Unable to get out or write. Will come along as soon as I can. There is nothing to worry about—J. L."

He read through what he had written with a restless look in his narrowed eyes. He might have been ashamed of himself or labouring under remorse. He kneaded his forehead uneasily.

He slipped the note into an envelope and addressed it to "Mrs. Morland, The Nook, Datcham-on-Thames," stamped it, and then placed it under his pillow.

He stamped them, he took the letter from under his pillow and thrust it among the others, well in the middle. He rang for his man.

"Post these now," he ordered, in his curt, dominating way. "At once. Not in the hall. At the post office."

(To be continued.)



THIS MORNING'S NEWS ITEMS.



BLAKE v. WELLS.

Both Men in Training and Both Camps  
Confident of Victory.

As the time draws on interest in the big boxing match between Bandsman Blake and Bombardier Wells at the Palladium on March 3 continues to increase. Already all the cheaper seats—those up

There are still some £2 2s. seats left, and the big demand for those at £3 3s. and £5 5s. has yet to come. But before the day of the contest these will be snapped up, and be worth three times their face value.

A supreme feeling of confidence reigns in both camps. Blake, who has yet to meet with his first defeat, is not dreaming of it on this occasion. He has been getting what one may describe as the "rough edge off" at Great Yarmouth, and goes into residence at the Hampstead Gymnasium to-day.

Mr. Burge has had the Hampstead building refurnished and refitted. Blake will have every kind of punching ball and even a rowing apparatus to work at. He will have every variety of boxer—different men every day—to spar with instead of the old fashioned plan of sparring always with

Wells is at Leigh-on-Sea, and will do everything that is humanly possible to get into the best trim for what in some senses will be the fight of his life. Since his defeat by Cassius in the last Great Britain of Ireland and

To justify the contentions of his friends that there is no British boxer he cannot whip, Wells must beat Blake, and that is just what we are all speculating upon.

wagers have been made about the Wells v. Blake match than any other ever contested in this country. You hear it at the ordinary clubs, and at the supper clubs it is one of the big topics of the hour.

defeats. He has a winning personality which disaster does not seem to alter, and he has found a warm corner in the hearts of the public. People who were cruel to him at the National after the Carpentier match have expressed their regret to him. It is Wells the man they like, not Wells the boxer.

As a boxer Wells is easily on top of Blake; we have yet to see the Yarmouth boy in a really big engagement which will test his strength, pluck and boxing ability. He, too, is popular in the districts where he is known, and sporting men in the Eastern Counties are most keenly interested


We do not know yet whether Blake is going to win for himself the personal popularity that Wells has secured. That is in the laps of the gods, and time alone will decide. He can still get it even if defeated, for in Wells he is meeting a man a stone and a half heavier, three inches

He is a middleweight essaying one of those heroic tasks we read about in the annals of the ring; whether he will prove himself another Sayers remains to be seen. If he can lift English boxing, so far as the heavyweights are con-

Presently the odds betted on Wells vary from 6 to 4 to 3 to 1, but odds do not win matches, and such an authority as Dick Burge prophesies that the match will last from five to seven rounds, and that Blake will win. I tried to get

Jim Maloney's opinion last Saturday night in Cardiff, and he said: "You know who will win; what can I tell you?" Jim Maloney never quite understood Wells's defeat at the National, and he is as confident of Wells winning as Burge is that Blake will wear the Bombardier down.

By the way, don't buy tickets from the man in the street. Forgeries are, it is said, on sale. You can get your tickets from Room 2, the Waldorf Hotel, at the Palladium, or at any of the agencies. P. J. MOSS.

Scenes No. 3. 



at its best

and most refreshing  
long day's shopping.  
ating beef tea made

particularly pleasing.


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beer for a tin of Vigoral  
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**COMPANY**  
LONDON





G. & B. L. 4.

# Neglected cough or cold.

Lung trouble often arises from the neglect of a simple cold or cough or from infection when in a weakened and "run down" condition. A course of SCOTT'S strengthens the lungs, protects against colds and coughs, and builds up every part of the body to resist or overcome weakness, disease, infection and the influences of winter weather.

"Early last year my patient had lung trouble; she was losing weight, only 5 stone and 18 years of age and had a slight hæmorrhage from the lungs. From the first bottle of SCOTT'S Emulsion she improved and gained in weight. I saw her a few weeks ago, and she seemed in the best of health and stronger with no sign of the tubercular trouble. Her weight now is 7 stone." (Signed) Nurse E. M. Walklett, 5 Bath Place, Holywell Street, Oxford. 5/6/13.



TRADE MARK on every Package.

For over 200 years cod liver oil has held the foremost place as a curative agent for the treatment of bronchitis, consumption, catarrh and all affections of the throat and chest.—

## SCOTT'S Emulsion

furnishes the world's finest cod liver oil in its most palatable and easily-digestible form. But because SCOTT'S has won such a world-wide reputation there are many imitations, which look the same but have not the same curative and healing powers. Therefore, when buying SCOTT'S it is always necessary to see the fish-man on the package—the sign of SCOTT'S quality and strength.

185

# BRASSO

Why am I  
Like this tin?



Because I am  
Brimful of Brightness  
METAL POLISH

### PERSONAL.

ALL—Sorry, what you ask is impossible. ASH—You darling longing to meet you Friday.

### MARKETING BY POST.

EGGS—The Poultry Farmers' Association supplies private families regularly with new-laid eggs straight from the farms. 1s. 1d. doz.—Write Secy., 235, High Holborn. FINEST Smoked Bacon, in sides or half-sides, 9d. per lb.; unsmoked sides, 8d. per lb.; smoked hams, 9d. per lb.; chops, lard, and all pig products; illustrated list on application—The Longfield Bacon Factory, Trowbridge, Wilts. S. English mutton, lamb, veal, pork, etc.; mutton—loins, saddles, shoulders, 8d.; legs 9d.; necks 8d.; beef—silver-side 7d.; topside 8d.; sirloin and ribs 8d.; rump steak 1s.; brisket 8d.; suet, 6d.; lamb, prime joints, 8d.; veal, 9d.; pork, 10d.; trial order solicited; orders 4s. free delivered London, 10s. country; hampers free; cash on delivery—The Direct Supply Stores (Ltd.), 6, Holborn-circus, London.

### VEHICLES, HAND TRUCKS, ETC.

WHEELS, axles, springs, lamps, bent timber, rubber tyres; best only; revised lists free.—Dept. M. Wheel Works 63 New Kent-rd. S.E. Phone, Hop. 3,329. (List, 1913). Cheap good hard-wood trucks from 35s. 6d.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

CORNS Destroyed in 3 days by Needham's Corn Silk, 7d. DUNKARDS Cured quickly, secretly; cost trifling; free. Culliton Chemical Co., 622, Birmingham. ELECTROLYSIS—Superficial hair permanently removed; ladies only; consultation free.—Miss Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st., W. 11 to 6 daily. TATTOOING—Alfred South, 147, Edgeware-rd., Hyde Park, Great South, sporting pictures, 11 to 6.

### LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

**DELPHI**.—Shand.—To-night, at 8.15, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' New Musical Production Let's Act, THE GIRL FROM UTAH. Matinee every Saturday, at 2. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tels. 2645 and 8886 Ger.

**LIDWICH**.—THE QUEEN'S CHAMPION. Evenings, at 8. Matinee, Wednesdays, 2.30.

**AMBASSADOR'S**.—TO-NIGHT, at 8.30, TOLSTOY'S GREAT RUSSIAN DRAMA, "ANNA KARENINA".

**APOLLO**.—At 8.50, CHARLES HAWTREY A. IN NEVER SAY DIE, by W. H. Post. At 8.10, "The Wife Tamer." Mat. (both plays), Weds. and Sat., 2.15.

**COMEDY**.—TO-NIGHT, at 8.30, Mr. Arthur Chudleigh presents THE TYRANNY OF THE SLEEPING MATINEE EVERY WED. and SAT. at 2.30.

**DAILY'S THEATRE**.—TO-NIGHT, at 8, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Production, THE MARRIAGE MARRIED, a Musical Play, in 3 Acts. MATINEE, WEDNESDAYS, at 2.

**DRURY LANE**.—TO-NIGHT, at 7.30, Matinee, Weds. and Sat., 1.30, THE SLEEPING BEAUTY REAWAKENED. GEORGE GRAVES and FLORENCE SMITHSON. Box-office, Tels. 2588 Ger.

**DUKE OF YORK'S**.—TO-NIGHT, at 8.30, Charles Frohman presents QUALITY STREET, by J. M. BARRIE. MATS, THURS. and SATS, at 2.30.

**GAIETY**.—EVERY EVENING, at 8, Mr. George Edwards' New Production, AFTER THE GIRL. Matinee Every Saturday, at 2. Box-office, 10 to 10.

**GARRICK**.—To-night, at 8.30, Louis Meyer presents WHO'S THE LADY, a new three-act farce from the French. Mats, Weds. and Sat., at 2.30.

**HAYMARKET**.—WITHIN THE LAW. To-night, at 9. Produced by Sir Herbert Tree. 8.30 "A Dear Little Wife." Mat. Weds. and Sat., 2.30.

**HIS MAJESTY'S**.—TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, THE DARLING OF THE GODS. HERBERT TREE. MARIE LOHE. Matinee, Weds. and Sat., at 2.15. Tel. Gerr. 1772.

**KINGSWAY**.—THE GREAT ADVENTURE, by Arnold Bennett. 8.30. Mats, Weds. and Sat., 2.30.

**LITTLE THEATRE**.—John-st., Strand.—At 9, KENNEDY TOSS presents "The Music-Care," by BERNARD SHAW. Mat. Weds. and Sat., 2.30. City 4927.

**LYCEUM PANTOMIME**.—BADES IN THE WOOD. LAST PERFORMANCE. POSITIVELY ENDING SAT. FEB. 21. TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 7.30. Prices, 5s. to 6d. Children 3s. Matinee, 4s. to 6d. 7617 Ger.

**PLAYHOUSE**.—EVERY EVENING, at 9, MISS MARIE TEMPEST presents a New Comedy, THANK YOUR LADYSHIP, by Norrises Chapin. At 8.30, "Dropping the Baby," a Fable, by Harold Chapin.

**LYRIC**.—THE GIRL WHO DIDN'T. EVENINGS, at 8.15. MATINEE SATS, at 2.15.

**PRINCE OF WALES**.—To-night, at 8.30, SEYMOUR HICKS and ELLAINE TERRISS, in BROADWAY JONES, by George M. Cohan. MATINEE EVERY WED. and SAT. at 2.30.

**PRINCE'S**.—Every Evening, at 8. Matinee, Every Wed. and Sat. at 2.30. WALTER HOWARD'S New Romantic Play, THE STORY OF THE ROSARY. Prices, 6d. to 5s. Box-office, 10-10. 5993 Ger.

**QUEEN'S**.—Mr. Gaston Mayer presents a Great New Actor in a Great New Play, WALKER WIDESPIDE IN THE MELTING POT, by Israel Zangwill. Evgs, 6.15 sharp. Mat. Weds. and Sat., 2.30.

**ROYALTY**.—THE PURSUIT OF PAMELA. TO-NIGHT, at 8.30. Mats, Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.

**ST. JAMES'S**.—TO-NIGHT, at 8.40, THE ATTACK, from the French of Henry Bernstein by George Egerton. GEORGE ALEXANDER and MARTHA HEDMAN. Mats, Weds. and Sat., at 2.30.

**SAVOY**.—TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Produced by GRANVILLE BARKER. Matinee, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.30.

**SHAFTSBURY**.—MUSICAL COMEDY. TO-NIGHT, at 8, Mr. Robert Courtneidge's Production, THE PHAETON, from the French of J. H. Hoer, Louis de Prece, Cicely Courtneidge, Jack Hulbert. MATINEE, WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.

**STRAND**.—To-night, at 9, Louis Meyer presents MR. WU, a New Anglo-Chinese Play. MATHEON LANE. ELLIAN BRATHWAITE. At 8.30, THE ENTERTAINERS. Mat. Weds. and Sat., 2.15.

**WYNDHAM'S**.—To-night, at 8, DIPLOMACY, by Victoria Sardon. MATS, WEDS. SATS, at 2.

**ALHAMBRA**.—KEEP SMILING. 8.40. Matinee Wed. and Sat., 2.15. Reduced prices. Hippodrome—Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 8 p.m. HULLO, TANGO! Elsie Lester, Shirley Kellogg, Harry Tate, Gerald Kirby, Toddlie Gerrard, Morris Harvey, etc. etc. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel. 650 Ger.

**PALACE**.—H. B. IRVING (last week) in THE VAN DYKE VESTA TILLEY (last week), JOE JACKSON (last week), BARCLAY GAMMON, Thornley Dodge. Mats, WED. and SAT. 2. Full programme. Evenings, 8.

**PALLADIUM**.—6.10 and 9.10. Mon., Wed., and Sat., 2.30, 6.10 and 9.10. Julian Wain and Jas. W. Tate's latest revue, A YEAR IN AN HOUR. EVIE GREEN, HARRY MOORE, DUDDY, ALBURO, BERNARD SAM MAYO, THE ROMPS, etc. etc. Boxing Mats, Tues., Thurs., Fri., 2.30.

**CRYSTAL PALACE**.—Cinnamon Skating Club, 3 Sessions, Music, Band, Cinema, etc. Ethel Van Praagh's Co. in "LA DAME AUX CAMÉLIAS," 7.45. Return fare and Palace admission, 1s. 6d.

**MASKELYNE & DEVANT'S MYSTERIES**.—St. George's Hall, Oxford-circus. W. Daily at 3 and 8. 10.15. (The Motor-Cycle Mystery). "THE YOGI'S STAR," etc. Seats, 1s. to 5s. Mayfair, 1545.

**OLYMPIA**.—LAST WEEKS. CARL HAGENBECK'S WONDER ZOO and BIG CIRCUS. 11 to 11. BIG CIRCUS, 2.30 and 7.45. AD-MISSION 1s. (1,500 Free Seats to Circus). RESERVED SEATS FOR CIRCUS (including Free Admission to Wonder Zoo) can now be booked at the usual Libraries and at Olympia. Tel. Ham. 1597 and Ham. 1540.

**WITH CAPT. SCOTT IN THE ANTARCTIC**.—Herbert G. Ponting at Philharmonic Hall, Great Portland-st. Twice daily 3 and 8.15. Thrilling story; Unique Pictures. 1s. to 5s. 3003 Mayfair.

**CRUFF'S DOG SHOW**.—LAST DAY. Open 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Admission 1s. AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON, N.

**CRUFF'S DOG SHOW**.—LAST DAY. (Friday). Admission 1s. closes at 6 p.m. Champion Dogs on view for the last time. AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON, N. Santos Displays. Spratt's Bench and Feed.

**CRUFF'S DOG SHOW**.—THIS DAY, at 3 p.m. GRAND PARADE OF PRIZE-WINNERS BEFORE HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

### DANCING.

**MISS MIGNON WIGHT**, Member Imperial Society.—Waits, Boston, etc.'s private lessons, £1 1s. TANGO, MAXINE 5 private lessons, £1 1s.; Beginners' and practice classes.—10, Clarendon-rd., Earl's Court.

## DAILY MAIL



Pictures of Vicar Who Is His Own Choir, Sexton and Gravedigger.

EVAN ROBERTS  
NOT AMONG  
MOURNERS AT HIS  
MOTHER'S FU-  
NERAL: PICTURES.

# The Daily Mirror

LATEST CERTIFIED CIRCULATION MORE THAN 800,000 COPIES PER DAY.

STRAIGHT-HAIRED  
BABIES WHO  
WANT CURLY  
LOCKS:  
PICTURES.

## SON TO "EVA CARRINGTON."



Mrs. Arthur Stock, formerly Miss Eva Carrington, the musical comedy actress, who has given birth to a son. Her first husband was Baron de Clifford, who was killed in a motor-car accident in 1900.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

## HATS TO FIT THE WEARERS' EXPRESSIONS.



The girl in her 'teens.



Smart simplicity hat.



"The Glad Eye" hat worn with a tilt.

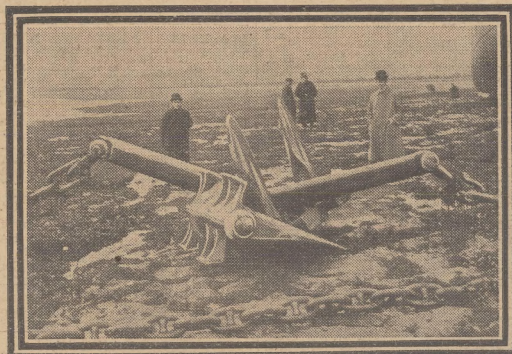
Expression, as *The Daily Mirror* scientific shopping campaign has shown, plays a most important part in the choice of a new spring hat. Unless the hat "fits" the expression it is likely to be a failure. An article appears on page 11.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

## MR. J. R. NESS TRACED.



Mr. J. R. Ness, one of the absent defendants in the Army canteen case, who has been traced. Mr. Ness, who is now stated by the authorities to be living near Ontario, Canada, was manager for Lipton, Ltd., at Malta about seven years ago.

## ANCHORS CAUSE SHIP TO RUN AGROUND.



When the steamer *Silver Wings* ran aground during a gale off Barry (Bristol Channel) it was found that the accident was caused by the anchors becoming interlocked. The photograph shows them lying on the shore.

## BLIND SENATOR CHARGED.



Mr. Thomas P. Gore, the famous blind senator of Oklahoma City, who is defendant in a suit for £10,000 damages brought against him by Mrs. Minnie Bond. She alleges that Mr. Gore attempted to assault her in a Washington hotel.